

APRIL 6, 1901.

The Academy



WEEKLY: THREEPENCE

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CAN HAWKINS'S "MAIDEN LAND" be IDENTIFIED as the FALKLAND ISLANDS? By Commander B. M. CHAMBERS, R.N.

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CORRESPONDENCE—The Rediscovery of Bariloche Pass. By ALJANDRO BERTRAND.

MEETINGS of the ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, Session 1900-1901.

GEOGRAPHICAL LITERATURE of the MONTH.

Numerous Maps and Illustrations.

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The present Modern Languages Headmaster having resigned on appointment as chief Lecturer in Modern Languages at McGill University, Montreal, the Governors are prepared to receive applications for the HEADMASTERSHIP of the DEPARTMENT, for 1st September. Salary will commence at £250 per annum.

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LECTURE ARRANGEMENTS AFTER EASTER, 1901.

LECTURE HOUR, 8 o'clock p.m.

ALLAN MACFADYEN, M.D., B.Sc., Fullerian Professor of Physiology, R.I. Six Lectures on "CELLULAR PHYSIOLOGY" (with special reference to the Enzymes and Ferments.) On Tuesdays, April 16, 23, 30, May 7, 14, 21. One Guinea the Course.

Professor WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of St. Andrews. Two Lectures on "THE PHILOSOPHICAL UNDERTONES OF MODERN POETRY." On Tuesdays, May 28, June 4 (The Tyndall Lectures). Half-a-Guinea.

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Professor DEWAR, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., M.R.I., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, R.I. Three Lectures on "THE CHEMISTRY OF CARBON." On Thursdays, May 23, 30, June 6. Half-a-Guinea.

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Professor W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. Three Lectures on "THE RISE OF CIVILISATION IN EGYPT" (Illustrated by Lantern Slides). On Saturdays, May 11, 18, 25. Half-a-Guinea.

Professor J. B. FARMER, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Botany, Royal College of Science. Two Lectures on "THE BIOLOGICAL CHARACTERS OF EPIPHYTIC PLANTS." On Saturdays, June 1, 8. Half-a-Guinea.

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The FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will be resumed on April 19th, at 9 p.m., when Prof. J. J. THOMSON will give a Discourse on "THE EXISTENCE OF BODIES SMALLER THAN ATOMS." Succeding Discourses will probably be given by Dr. HANS GADOW, Mr. CHARLES MERCIER, Professor J. C. BOSS, EARL PERCY, M.P., Dr. R. T. GLAZE BROOK, Mr. A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR, and other gentlemen. To these Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted.

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The letters—for the most part by American Authors—include three by the Brownings, one by Cowper, one by Keats, three by Shelley, and two by Wordsworth. There are also the original manuscript, signed by Addison, of the Transfer of Copyright of a volume of "The Spectator," and—most important of all—the complete holograph manuscript of Keats's poem "To Charles Cowden Clarke."

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The Academy

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The Literary Week.

WE observe with pleasure that the Society of Authors' Pension Fund is making very good progress. The donations approach £1,500, the donors including Mr. J. M. Barrie, Sir Walter Besant, Mrs. Craigie, Dr. A. Conan Doyle, Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Gilbert Parker. All these have given £100 and upwards. The subscription list, on the other hand, strikes us as rather short, but the vigour and discretion with which the Fund is being managed augur well for its success. The first grants of pensions will be made in April.

THE English translation of the book by Captain Dreyfus will be called *Five Years of My Life*, and will be published on May 1 by Messrs. George Newnes. Captain Dreyfus kept a diary during the whole period of his incarceration on Devil's Island, and some extracts from this will be given in an article that will appear in the May number of the *Strand Magazine*. The book itself, which will contain illustrations by the author, will be published simultaneously in France, Germany, and the United States. Captain Dreyfus describes from first to last the inner workings of the great events with which he was associated. Every incident is set forth in detail—his sudden arrest in November, 1894; his trial in secret; his public degradation; his conveyance to Devil's Island in a cage on the ship's deck; his years of life in exile; and finally his restoration to honour, liberty, and happiness at Rennes.

ON Easter Tuesday, the anniversary of Goldsmith's death, a company of enthusiasts will place flowers on his grave in the Temple. It is also proposed to hold an open-air recital of selections from his works at the tomb during the afternoon.

In the *Plain Dealer*, Mr. Frank Harris's new paper, he hopes "to add to the amusement of readers by drawing attention to the little faults and failings of public men and public institutions, always remembering that complete knowledge, even of the worst of men, implies forgiveness." The *Plain Dealer*, we understand, is to be illustrated.

"BENJAMIN SWIFT'S" forthcoming work is a survey of modern knowledge with reference to conduct. It gives the inner experiences of a modern mind which has lost hold of the orthodox beliefs and has attempted to restate the problems of life in an unconventional way. This work will be published by Mr. Heinemann under the author's real name—W. R. Paterson.

MR. C. F. KEARY is one of the few writers whose work we would willingly see oftener. His *Wanderer*, a new edition of which has just been published by Mr. Brimley Johnson, was first issued thirteen years ago. We copy the elaborately mysterious editor's note:

Mr. H. Ogram Matuce, who, a matter of twelve years ago, wrote these travel-pictures, is now no more. I cannot

call him my friend—for one reason, that I have never seen him, but we have often been in communication. Wherefore to me has fallen the duty of editing these ten short chapters. I have heard it suggested that H. Ogram Matuce was but a shade, or *nominis umbra*; and some, seeing that he tells us how, before his manumission, he was a clerk in the city, have fancifully detected the mere title of a clerk (δ γραμματέας) in his name. Against which I can allege that, though I have not seen his face, I have been upon his tracks, and remember to have found this name "H. Ogram Matuce" written upon the wall of a tower hard by Dante's. If my memory serves, it was on the Carlsberg. I am sorry to recall the shameful act; but there the writing was.

My task has been little beyond the inserting of corrections that I found in the author's hand in a copy left to me by him, and which I cherish for his sake. On the fly-leaf I found likewise the following quatrain—possibly the only thing he ever wrote beside these pictures of travel. He called it "Dust." Let it stand for us both as his epigram and epitaph:

"On the high-road how flit'st, O golden dust!
Time's wealth the Wanderer's and the Sun's art thou.
Him, whom all else have left, thou followest; so,
Turn where he may, still turn to thee he must."

"LIBRARIANS and their assistants," says the *Library World*, "are very frequently asked to recommend amusing novels for hard workers, invalids, and others, who desire a little light reading by way of relaxation from the stern business of life." Our contemporary has tried to compile such a list. It does not strike us as being very complete. But the list is offered "in the hope that more learned and better informed readers may be able to add to this scanty array of novels and short stories, which, in our opinion, may be regarded as humorous and funny":

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| ADELER. | HABERTON. |
| Elbow Room. | Helen's Babies. |
| Out of the Hurly-Burly. | Other People's Children. |
| Random Shots. | JACOBS. |
| ALDEN. | Many Cargoes. |
| Among the Freaks. | Master of Craft. |
| Told by the Colonel. | Sea Urchins. |
| ALLEN (F. M.). | Skipper's Wooing. |
| From the Green Bag. | JEROME. |
| ANDOM. | Three Men in a Boat. |
| We Three and Troddles. | JERROLD. |
| Martha and I. | Candle Lectures. |
| ANSTEY. | MARSH. |
| Black Poodle. | Amusement Only. |
| Tinted Venus. | PAIN. |
| Vice Versâ. | In a Canadian Canoe. |
| BRADLEY. | SHANNON. |
| Verdant Green. | The Mess Deck. |
| BURNAND. | SMOLLETT. |
| Real Adventures of Robin- | Humphry Clinker. |
| son Crusoe. | STERNE. |
| COCKTON. | Tristram Shandy. |
| Valentine Vox. | THACKERAY. |
| DAUDET. | Yellowplush Papers. |
| Tartarin of Tarascon. | TWAIN. |
| Tartarin on the Alps. | Huckleberry Finn. |
| DICKENS. | Tom Sawyer. |
| Pickwick Papers. | ZANGWILL. |
| DRURY. | Celibates' Club. |
| Bearers of the Burden. | |

THERE have been two literary lawsuits in the courts this week. Mr. Justice Kekewich gave judgment in the case of *Moffatt & Paige v. Gill & Sons and Marshall*, in which the first-named firm asked for an injunction restraining Messrs. Gill from issuing an edition of *As You Like It* edited by the Rev. Francis Marshall. It was alleged that Mr. Marshall's edition was a "colourable imitation" of an edition of the same play issued by them and edited by Mr. Thomas Page. The trial had occupied three days early in March, and Mr. Justice Kekewich's judgment filled nearly two and a half columns of Tuesday's *Times*. The learned judge went very deeply into the ethics of editing. He evidently relished the case, and his judgment shows that he had spent a good many hours among books before deciding it. He accepted the rules laid down by Mr. Scrutton in his book on copyright. These declare that an editor may:

- (1.) Use all common sources of information.
- (2.) Use the work of another as a guide to those common sources.
- (3.) Use another's works to test the completeness of his own.

He decided that Mr. Marshall had not exceeded these liberties, but he gave no costs to Mr. Marshall. He gave costs to Messrs. Gill, the plaintiffs paying their own.

THE second case, heard before Mr. Justice Lawrence, in the King's Bench, without a jury, turned not on any broad principle, but on what was said in an interview. Our readers will remember that in May, last year, Mr. Grant Richards issued a very clever novel called *Charlotte Layland*. It was quickly withdrawn in consequence of the allegation that it contained a serious libel on the Women's Institute and its president. This week Mr. Grant Richards brought an action against the author, Mrs. Beresford Ryley, for the repayment of £112 12s. 10d., being the costs and expenses he incurred in producing this book. Mr. Richards's claim did not rest on the simple fact that his agreement with Mrs. Ryley had stipulated that her novel should contain nothing libellous and that if it did he should be indemnified. You do not know whether a book is really libellous until it has been made the subject of a libel action, and that unhappy species of litigation was avoided in this case by the calling of a council consisting of Mr. Richards, his solicitor, and Mr. and Mrs. Ryley. The position at this council was peculiar. Mrs. Ryley, naturally, would not admit that her book was libellous merely because it was said to be so; and she was unwilling to withdraw it just when its success seemed assured. Mr. Richards, though persuaded it was libellous, could not withdraw it without the author's permission, because to do so on the mere allegation of libel would be to forfeit his right to indemnification; and yet if the novel were not withdrawn he expected to have to face the music of a libel action. As it was to the interest of both parties to avoid the major risk, the book was withdrawn with Mrs. Ryley's consent; and the question to be decided by Mr. Justice Lawrence was whether in giving that consent she agreed to indemnify Mr. Richards as though the book had in fact been proved libellous. Mr. and Mrs. Ryley denied that a word was said about the expenses of the book under this arrangement; whereas Mr. Richards and the solicitor stated that there was a verbal promise to repay the money. We are not surprised that Mr. Justice Lawrence remarked that it was a case in which he would have liked the assistance of a jury—the more so as it is difficult not to feel sympathy with each party. The decision was adverse to Mrs. Ryley, and we can only hope that her second novel, which Mr. Heinemann will shortly issue, may obliterate by its success the fate of her first; for of her talent there is no doubt.

In her article on "Plays of the Modern French School" in the new *Anglo-Saxon Review* Mrs. Craigie raises some

very interesting questions. Using modern French comedies as a touchstone, she shows where our own drama is weak and why it is weak. The following pronouncement strikes us as lucid and interesting:

No crude realism in the dialogue [of modern French comedies] is ever tolerable from a literary point of view; and the balanced phrases of Maurice Donnay, H. Lavedan, Hervieu, Hermant, and others, no more reproduce the inane slang and feeble, illiterate vocabulary of modern drawing-rooms than the divine verse of Shakespeare gives us the every-day conversation of the aristocracy of his time.

An artist aims at the spirit of things. He deals in symbols and diagrams. He is not a shorthand reporter: he does not hang about the law courts in quest of the "right word" and "the real thing." Any one scene in any one of the modern French comedies is a concentrated essence of many hundreds of conversations held by a great variety of persons. It is true that no author should make all his characters speak in precisely the same manner—the literary manner—but just as every portrait painted by any artist of distinction has a certain family resemblance in the matter of treatment, expression, and the like, so each character in the play of a genuine dramatist has the peculiar mould of its creator's workshop. Lavedan excels in his portraiture of men. They live in his pages: not at their most sublime, be it said, but certainly at their honestest. Donnay, on the other hand, draws the "external feminine" of rebellious heart, with far more knowledge than Ibsen; and we recognise a Donnay heroine, just as we know a Shakespeare woman, a Meredith woman, a Hardy woman, the immortal humanities of Tolstol, and the Turgenev enchantress. They talk, that is to say, the way in which their authors chose to hear them; and until it is realised that language, no less than music, is a way of hearing, and the presentment of character a way of seeing, England will have no drama which it can offer in comparison with a similar branch of art on the Continent.

On the subject of immorality in our modern plays, Mrs. Craigie has these caustic remarks:

A great deal of immorality, so-called, is highly acceptable in London plays, but on the understanding that all is to end happily and the piper must not be paid. When one is fortunate enough to find a story of this kind, either in real life or elsewhere, an excellent play, at all events a soothing one, may be made out of it; but no artist could undertake to invent such an unlikely adventure and treat it lightly as a sentimental farce. He might, if he chose, treat it fantastically as a purely artificial comedy, and bring about some such effects as Congreve sought. But Congreve, even at his most frivolous moments, was far too truthful to be popular, and, although he kept the piper and his wages well in the background, one was never permitted to feel that the pursuit of pleasure led invariably to its capture.

A sort of rickety sentimentalism broods over the growth of every imaginative work, and, whether the theme be, as a poet has said, "the recovery of a straggling husband" or the pursuit of an inconstant lover, we wait in vain for one moment of real passion, or, in default of it, one note of ironical sympathy. Remembering the shattered nerves of modern civilisation, one may, perhaps, be pardoned a certain tenderness for the young and old of both sexes who complain that tragedy gives them the "hump." Your heroine, nowadays, must die to bright music, and your hero must behave with a worldly wisdom given in more vigorous times to your out-and-out scoundrel. Moral seriousness, therefore, being denied us in the playhouse, let us, at least, be frankly artificial, presenting life as a sort of shadow dance on satin sheets, with a good electric moon to assist the process. This false cheering up, by means of a patting on the back all round at the close of a mournful intrigue, is the sort of pious hypocrisy we descend to by hoping that our neighbour is better taken in than we are.

A FEW weeks ago we published a rendering of two of Heine's lyrics by Miss Ethel Mayne. This week we print

translations of two more of Heine's poems, sent to us by Miss Violet Hunt. They are as follows:

My Love, if thou wert lying there,
Down in the grave where no light goes,
Then I would come to thee, I swear,
And kiss and caress thee, and hold thee close.

Kiss and caress thee, dear, as I will
Quiet and cold and pale art thou.
Trembling and moaning and weeping still,
'Tis I am a corpse myself by now! . . .

The Dead arise as it strikes midnight,
And dance about in crazy swarms
The darksome vault where, out of sight,
Two lovers lie in each other's arms.

The Dead arise at the Trump of Doom
That calls to joy or sorrowing.
We two lie still in our little room
And take no heed of anything.

The stars in heaven looked closely down
The moonbeams bathed the earth in gray.
I dreamed I came to that other town
Many a hundred miles away.

And I dreamed I came to the door at last
Of the very house you lay within.
I kissed the steps that your feet had past,
And the hem of your dress as you went in.

The drear cold night, the livelong night
I lay at your door and held my breath;—
O'er the window bar, in the pale moonlight,
Your face leaned out as pale as death!

WE had not space last week to quote some interesting remarks on George Borrow's connexion with East Anglia in Mr. Clement Shorter's address to East Anglians at the Trocadero. Coming to that writer, Mr. Shorter defended him against the serious charge of not being an East Anglian—brought against him by Mr. Watts-Dunton—with considerable skill.

"Not one drop of East Anglian blood," says Mr. Watts-Dunton, "was in the veins of Borrow's father, and very little in the veins of his mother." . . . There is virtue in that qualification of his, that there was "very little" East Anglian blood in the veins of Borrow's mother, and that she was "mainly" French. As a matter of fact, she is, of course, partly East Anglian—that is to say, she must have had two or three generations of East Anglian blood in her, seeing that it was her great-grandfather who settled in Norfolk from France, and he and his children and grandchildren intermarried with the race. But I do not pin my claim for Borrow upon that fact, the fact of three generations in his mother's family at Dimpling Green, or even on the fact that he was born at East Dereham. The impressions derived from environment are of the utmost vitality, and assuredly Borrow was an East Anglian, as Sir Thomas Browne, who did not reach Norfolk until he was over thirty years of age, was an East Anglian. In each writer can be traced the influence of the soil in a peculiar degree, and particularly in Borrow. Borrow was proud of being an East Anglian, and East Anglians were proud of him. In *Lavengro*, I venture to assert, we have the greatest example of prose style in our modern literature.

The opinion expressed in the last sentence does credit to Mr. Shorter's courage; but it is one of those matters on which discussion can but rage and exhaust itself.

In the *New Liberal Review* Mr. George Meredith has a poem in which there is nothing of obscurity though much of feeling. It is called "The Hueless Love," and describes the meeting of a man and woman in middle life. Of its eight stanzas we venture to quote three:

To them it was revealed how they had found
The kindred nature and the needed mind;
The mate by long conspiracy designed;
The flower to plant in sanctuary ground.

Avowed in vigilant solicitude
For either, what most lived within each breast
They let be seen; yet every human test
Demanding righteousness approved them good.

The man died, and the woman kissed his lips for the first time:

So has there come the gust at South-West flung
By sudden volt on eves of freezing mist.
When sister snowflake sister snowdrop kissed,
And one passed out, and one the bell-head hung.

It is a true poem. Were we supposed to be very critical we should suggest that the simile of snowdrop and snowflake, though apt and pretty, is too diminutive.

MR. ANDREW LANG is just now suffering the inconvenience of a literary "double," who writes poems and articles above the same signature. An author has unfortunately no copyright in his name. We sympathise with Mr. Lang, and to divert his attention from this troublesome circumstance we present him with the following verses, which we hope he will like:

Two men there are of our late day
To whom a fonder love I bear
Than others win, and these are they—
Dear Andrew with the brindled hair
Who doth his learning lightly wear,
From prehistoric man—to Greek,
And, dearer still, the wise, the fair
Dear Louis of the awful cheek!

The light verse, fairy tale, essay,
The bookish talk, the style, declare
Our shorter-minded Thackeray—
Dear Andrew with the brindled hair.
No novelist! he doth not share
HIS spell who made live, move and speak
Alan, Catriona, glorious pair—
Dear Louis of the awful cheek.

One with us yet, alert if grey,
Still casts a dry fly here and there,
Still tells his tale of ghost and fay—
Dear Andrew with the brindled hair.
But in an alien island where
Strange starshine lights Vaea peak,
His work accomplished, rests the rare,
Dear Louis of the awful cheek.

ENVOY.

Dear Andrew with the brindled hair
Write that Great Book before you fare
Along the darkened ways to seek
Dear Louis of the awful cheek.

J.

For refrains see *Underwoods* and *At the Sign of the Ship* (Longmans, 1887).

A FEW weeks ago a correspondent asked: "Can any of your readers tell me who originally compiled *The Child's Own Book*, which was issued about the middle of the last century?" Another correspondent kindly replies as follows: "I enclose the particulars of the fifth edition, a copy of which in the original cloth as issued may be seen in the Folk-lore Fairy Tale Exhibition now at Leighton House, Holland Park-road: *The Child's Own Book*, illustrated with nearly three hundred engravings. The fifth edition (vignette illustration here), 'The Fisherman and the Genii,' 'In mirth and play no harm you'll know When duty's task is done.' London: Printed for Thomas Tegg & Son, 73, Cheapside; N. Hailes, Piccadilly; Bowdery & Kerby, Oxford Street; R. Griffin & Co., Glasgow; Tegg, Wise & Co., Dublin. 1836. (16mo.) Pp. viii., table of contents 2 pp., and 568 pp., printed by Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars. The preface to the first edition is retained in this, the fifth, edition, and is signed 'J. M.' The editor speaks of 'her little friends.' I have little doubt but that Mrs. Jane Marcet was the editor."

THE old *Saturday Review* is worthy of a biography all to itself. Some stray materials for such a work will be found in the very interesting article in the April *Blackwood*, called "Some Editors and Others." Recalling his own first experiences as an early contributor to the *Saturday*, the writer says:

The pay did not approach that of present-day half-penny morning papers; but the editing was sumptuously done. The editorial and business departments were sundered by the distance between the Albany and the Strand. In the Albany the editor was supposed to be seated from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. There the articles were arranged for in cosy talk. Ushered into Mr. Cook's sanctum in some fear and trembling, I found the man in striking contrast to his surroundings. Nothing could be more suitably luxurious than the fittings of the room, with its thick carpets, its massive furnishing, and the usual literary litter of an editor's den. The veteran was then in his decay and drawing near to his end, but the old fire flickered up when he began to talk, and flashed out from under his shaggy eyebrow.

In those days the *Saturday* had an annual dinner at Greenwich.

The wines were unexceptionable; the burgundy with the haunch, and the aged port, came from the cellars of Marshal Beresford, a noted *bon vivant*. . . . It was a pleasant feature of those Greenwich dinners that there was no speechifying. A grace in two Latin words, and all was over. The invitations were miscellaneous, for many men of note were more or less in relations with the *Saturday*. Lord Salisbury was sometimes seated next to his brother-in-law, and their nephews, the Balfours, both promising young men, were generally present. Your place at the long table was a lottery: you might be in luck or the reverse. It was well to have a friend at court in Wilson, the editor's factotum—an invaluable man, who could have run the paper in case of need. I can see him now as he walked round, rubbing his hands, and bending over the shoulders of favoured *protégés*, with the suggestive whispers of a ministering angel. When he died, the *Saturday* had a heavy miss of him.

Bibliographical.

THE announcement of an anthology entitled *Songs of the Sword*, edited (*mirabile dictu*) by a Doctor of Divinity, is, I suppose, a sign of the times. For the moment Tommy Atkins (if, after recent protests, I may venture so to call him) is in the ascendant. Time was when things were all the other way—when it was Jack Tar who got all the rhythmic and musical celebration. *Songs for Sailors* (such as those by W. C. Bennett) were once a drug in the market; there was any amount of them. But of late the pendulum of popularity has swung in the other direction. Atkins is all the rage. Three years ago there was presented to the public a book of *Soldier Songs, for the March, the Camp, and the Barracks*—Mr. Charles Williams being the editor. Last year we had yet another volume, also entitled *Soldier Songs*, "containing the latest popular songs, added to the collection edited by J. E. Carpenter." There is, further, in the "Canterbury Poets" series, a little book of *War Songs*, in which, if I remember rightly, the military element is strong. Altogether, the Army cannot fairly complain that it is neglected nowadays by the bards.

The manifesto in regard to the new *Rambler* may perhaps have the good effect of turning people's attention to the old one. That work, I fear, is not a "common object" in libraries private or public. There has been no fresh edition of it during the last twenty years at least. The *Lives of the Poets*, either in the bulk or separately, are in continual demand, and *Rasselas* is not forgotten; but of Johnson's essays the reprints are very few. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in 1889, made a selection from them in which, no doubt, the *Rambler* was represented. In the previous year, too, Messrs. Walter Scott, Limited, issued a selection in which the *Rambler* was certainly drawn upon. Boswell

admits that there was in the work "such a uniformity of texture as very much to exclude the charm of variety," and that "the grave and often solemn cast of thinking made it for some time not generally liked." Nevertheless, the worthy Scot declared that "in no writings whatever can be found more bark and steel for the mind." Let us hope that it may be possible to say as much for the *Rambler* of to-morrow.

Two additions have been made this week to the history of literary pseudonyms. To begin with, Mr. C. F. Keary has acknowledged the authorship of a volume called *A Wanderer*, published by him in 1888 under the *nom-de-guerre* of "H. Ogram Matuce." The book, I believe, is one of travel-description, thus emphasising the versatility of its author. Hitherto Mr. Keary has been known chiefly as historian and as novelist. I fancy it was in the former character that he first appeared. Early in the 'eighties he produced *Outlines of Primitive Belief among the Indo-European Races*; and since then he has given us in succession *The Vikings in Western Christendom* and *The Dawn of History*. His first (acknowledged) novel—*A Mariage de Convenance*—appeared eleven years ago; then came *The Two Laneroffs*, *Herbert Vanlennert*, and *The Journalist*. Mr. Keary's *Norway and the Norwegians* came out in 1892, and was, therefore, his second travel-book.

The other pseudonym to which I refer is that of "Dick Donovan," a writer of detective stories, now identified publicly with Mr. J. E. Muddock, who during the last twenty years has brought out many a book. He, I believe, began as the producer of guide-books to Davos-Platz, Switzerland, and the Alps. That was in 1881, or thereabouts. The first work of fiction to be published under his own name appears to have been *From the Bosom of the Deep* (1886), which was followed by *The Dead Man's Secret* (1889), and *Stories Weird and Wonderful* (1889)—a description which might fairly be applied to most of his imaginative work. Last year Mr. Muddock published two stories with his own name on the title-page. The "Dick Donovan" series seems to have been started in 1888 with *The Man Hunter*. It has been steadily maintained, the latest addition to it being *The Adventures of Tyler Tutlock*, brought out last year. "Dick Donovan" has not had the vogue of "Sherlock Holmes," but must have had a very large number of appreciative readers.

Those who possess a copy of Mr. W. B. Yeats's poetic play, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, in the limp-cover edition published by Mr. Unwin in 1894, will not be altogether pleased to find that Mr. Yeats has made additions to the play, and will include the expanded version in the forthcoming volume of his poems. At the same time, much interest will always attach to the text of the little drama as it was performed at the Avenue Theatre in the above-named year. Interesting is the cast of characters, in which one notes the name of Mr. A. E. W. Mason, who, like Mr. Stephen Phillips, has long surrendered the "boards" in favour of literature.

Someone has been complaining that the English literary world has not paid sufficient attention to Gerhardt Hauptmann and his works. So far is this from being true that four at least of his plays have been translated into English by English writers, while a fifth has been done into English twice by an American writer. The four to which I allude are—*Hannele*, translated by William Archer, and published in 1894 (and in cheaper forms in 1898); *Lonely Lives*, translated by Mary Morison (1898), and performed at the Strand Theatre last Sunday and Monday; *The Weavers*, translated also by Miss Morison (1899), and *The Coming of Peace*, translated by Janet Achurch and C. E. Wheeler (1900). *The Sunken Bell*, translated by C. H. Meltzer, of the United States of America, has been circulated over here in 1899-1900, in a literal prose rendering and in a free verse rendering. It cannot be said, therefore, that we have neglected Hauptmann.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Some Eighteenth-Century People.

Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century. By George Paston. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)

COMPARISONS are reputed to be odious, but they are often useful, and sometimes they are inevitable. One cannot read this book without bringing its merits to the touchstone of Mr. Austin Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*. Mr. Dobson is the master of this kind of writing, and has set a standard which it would be affectation to ignore. But it is a standard to which no other writer can fairly be expected to attain for many a year; and, therefore, it should be used to describe, not to decry or depress, efforts in the same school. "George Paston" has not Mr. Dobson's playful, endlessly flickering and hide-and-seek humour, lighting every page and persuading the reader to be interested in little complex by-gones. But this is not the root of the difference: "George Paston" has, at least, a sufficiency of style and humour. The root is in Mr. Dobson's completeness of knowledge, his titillating unexpectedness of erudition. The reader of the *Vignettes* soon finds that though he is nominally engaged with the topography of a novel or the catalogue of a pedant's library, yet, in fact, he is seeing the eighteenth century pieced together by a master of its detail, and he is as easily fascinated as if he were watching the reconstruction of a Roman pavement by a British Museum expert. The portion reconstructed under his eyes may be small, but ever and again fragments are planted out for later inclusion in the scheme, and the whole is predicated in every inch of tessellation. That feat is Mr. Dobson's, and it were almost vain to hope for it elsewhere. In "George Paston's" pages it is rather wanting. We do not leap squirrel-like from bough to bough, there is not that legerdemain of connexion and infallibility of association which we know of old. Thus, in 1773, Mrs. Grant of Laggan (then Miss Macvicar) voyaged from America with her father, who had held commands at New York and Albany, to Scotland, and took up their military home at Fort Augustus. Now 1773 was the very year in which Dr. Johnson came to Scotland, and it seems strange that "George Paston" should not have noticed the fact, nor, in conveying to us Miss Macvicar's lively impressions of the Highlands, have connected them in any way with Dr. Johnson's. Yet to do so would have been at once to lighten up and associate her theme. Here and there in the other papers—which deal with Lady Pomfret, Lady Craven, Richard Cumberland, and James Lackington the bookseller—we are conscious that a little more might have been done in this way. But the book is full of meat, and it ensures its own welcome. We are specially interested in the sketch of Lackington, the eccentric and colossal bookseller of Finsbury-square.

There is now no bookselling business in London so large and general in its operations as Lackington's "Temple of the Muses." The present writer has long preserved, he knows not why, a view of the interior of that imposing book-shop, dated 1809, when, by the way, James Lackington had retired from business. The ground floor was occupied by an immense room, in the middle of which, within a circular counter, clerks in bottle-green coats and white chokers sold books to the *élite*. Above this counter a circular aperture in the ceiling affords a view of the second floor, and tiers on tiers of books fading upward. This print agrees very well with "George Paston's" description of the "Temple": "Over the principal entrance was the inscription, 'Cheapest Booksellers in the World.' In the interior was an immense circular counter, while a broad staircase led up to the lounging rooms and a series of galleries round which books were displayed, growing gradually cheaper and shabbier in appearance as

they neared the roof. If there was any chaffering or haggling about the cost of a work, the shopman merely pointed to a placard, on which was printed 'The Lowest Price is marked on every book, and no abatement is made on any article.'" The man who had created this great emporium, and whose profits from it in one year were £4,000, was so uneducated that he could not write a decent letter, yet so well read that he could advise his customers on any book or class of books. A journeyman shoemaker for years, Lackington began to sell books along with leather, and mainly because he wanted to read them. He was a hot Methodist, off and on, and seems to have received a certain amount of "backing" from the sect. But his passion for books and his shrewd observation of men were his real assets first and last. "George Paston" tells us that he maintained that a bookseller's shop was a centre of human nature, and there is something in the alert searching face and wiry-looking form preserved for us in Keenan's portrait which enables us to see Lackington whisking around that circular counter in Finsbury-square, pleasing everyone by his briskness and information. Probably the man's foolish vanities did him no harm with his customers. A bookseller has all the world's leave to be eccentric, if he only knew it. Lackington liked the pomp of wealth. The ex-shoemaker's chariot was a wonder, and at Cambridge an ostler charged sixpence to the townspeople for a sight of it, until Lackington, hearing of the show, insisted that all the town should view it in the coach-house for nothing. When he came from his country house at Merton to his town house a flag was hoisted on the City roof and was lowered when he departed. When it was desired to place a statue in Finsbury-square, James Lackington offered to bear the expense of a statue of James Lackington—an offer which was promptly declined. Not less amusing were Lackington's religious experiences. With his first wife he was a ranting Methodist. With his second he was an insatiable novel reader, and played cards on Sunday. His third wife was a blameless woman who had no religion. As such she seems to have offended her husband's sense of fitness, and to remove the paradox he plunged again into divinity, and read theology to his wife so incessantly that at last she said she preferred it to fiction. Some of Lackington's trade *dicta* are interesting. He used to say that he could fortell how much money he would make in the course of the year, basing his estimate on the state of politics and his stock-in-trade; and he said: "If there is anything of consequence in the newspapers it draws men to the coffee-house, where they chat away the evenings instead of visiting booksellers' shops, or reading at home. The best time for bookselling is when there is nothing stirring, for then many of those who for months have done nothing but talk of war and peace, revolutions or counter-revolutions, will have recourse to reading." The experience of last year bears out the truth of this unmistakably.

"Londonarians" would probably have liked more information about the end of Lackington's book-mart. We are only told that it was being carried on in 1822, but a little later was removed to Piccadilly, and the name of Lackington disappeared from the firm. As a matter of fact, the name was changed to Jones before the removal, and the business flourished under that name as late as 1828, if not several years later. The Joneses, we fancy, issued a series of English classics under the patronage, or at the suggestion, of Lord Brougham.

The best paper in the volume—and it is very good indeed—is the one devoted to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, to whom we have already referred. Robert Louis Stevenson had a great mind to write the life of this brave mother and accomplished woman, the author of *Letters from the Mountains*. Stevenson found her writings very pleasant, and in all the extracts from them given by "George Paston" there is the literary touch. Even as a girl

in her teens she wrote well in her letters. Here is one of her first encounters with a Highland dame; it was near Fort William:

We were received with a kind of stately civility by a tall, thin person, a widow—pale, wan, and woe-begone. She never asked who we were until a good fire and most comfortable tea-drinking put us in humour to make replies. She then asked my mother if we were connected with the country. Now, we had just left my father's country, and entered my mother's. She told the good lady her whole genealogy, by no means omitting the Invernahayle family, on which the old lady rose with great solemnity, crying, "All the water in the sea cannot wash your blood from mine," and a tender embrace was followed by a long dissertation on the Invernahayle family.

Nor did Miss Macvicar fail in original literary taste. She cared nothing for the gaieties of fort life, nor felt its tedium like the military people, who, she said, "always speak well of the place where they have been, or are going, but are never satisfied where they are." Among the books she read was *The Vicar of Wakefield* as a new novel. And the girl's judgment on that story is as shrewd and adequate as it need be:

Goldsmith puts me in mind of Shakespeare; his narrative is improbable and absurd in many instances, yet all his characters do and say exactly what might be supposed of them, if so circumstanced, that you willingly resign your mind to the sway of this pleasing enchanter, laugh heartily at improbable incidents, and weep bitterly for impossible distresses. . . . 'Tis a thousand pities that Goldsmith had not patience or art to conclude suitably a story so happily conducted; but the closing scenes rush on so precipitately, are managed with so little skill, and wound up in such a hurried and really bungling manner, that you seem hastily awakened from an affecting dream. Then miseries are heaped on the poor Vicar with such barbarous profusion that the imagination, weary of such cruel tyranny, ends it by breaking the illusion.

This accomplished woman's full life began with her marriage to a zealous and refined young clergyman who shepherded souls in a glen so remote that even modern railways and tourist-tracks have not passed through it. We wish we could quote Mrs. Grant's description, in a letter to a London friend, of a summer day on the little farm which her husband held on easy terms from the Duke of Gordon, or her praises of the country folk, who soon accepted her, and were by her loved for a dignity and courtesy which she never ceased to declare could not be found in the Lowlands, much less in England. Of twelve children whom she reared, ten were taken from her; and she was early a widow. Her position forced her to give to the public what she had intended only for her friends—first her poems, then her letters. Her letters she took, with infinite reluctance, to Messrs. Longmans & Rees, who at once agreed to publish them, and treated her with a delicacy and generosity of which she makes grateful mention. These *Letters from the Mountains* were a great success, inasmuch that Dr. Porteous, Bishop of London, rushed in where a bishop should have feared to tread, and edited them for a second edition. His method was to take out trifles and chit-chat, an absurd and priggish amendment which Mrs. Grant disapproved but bore with meekness. From this moment Mrs. Grant of Laggan was a celebrity, and the friend of celebrities. Some amusing femininities immediately followed her success: "Mrs. Hook, wife of the Dean of Worcester, and sister-in-law of Theodore Hook, though unknown to Mrs. Grant, wrote to offer herself as a friend and correspondent. A kinswoman, Mrs. Peter Grant, whose husband was minister of Duthill and Rothiemarchus, at once turned blue-stocking, and thenceforward had but one aim in life—to rival the fame of Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Mrs. Peter wrote two volumes full of heather and sunsets, grey clouds and mists, which had no success, although the clan loyally bought up half the edition."

Mrs. Grant's later life in Edinburgh brought her into the familiar circle of Scott and the Edinburgh Reviewers. Of Scott she was the most devoted admirer in the world; and was so sure, from the first, of his authorship of the "Waverley" novels that in sheer strength of conviction she would speak of it as a fact—to Scott's no little embarrassment. Few women have combined the efficiency of a mother with the success of a writer as did Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Bereavement was her almost yearly portion at home, as flattery was in the world; but her heart and head remained sound. A very fine old lady she made, and a champion of the old simple Highland life such as one likes to remember. "Woe be to you," she said to a friend, when the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was out, "if you ever apostasise from the land of cakes, which is indeed the land of social life and social love, and lies in a happy medium between the dissipated gaiety and improvident thoughtlessness of the Irish and the cold and close attention to petty comforts and conveniences that absorb the English mind."

For a book which freshens up such portraits we are very grateful.

The Head Master—Old Style.

Education in the Nineteenth Century. Edited by R. D. Roberts. (Cambridge: University Press. 4s.)

THIS book is made up of thirteen lectures, almost all of which were delivered at Cambridge to University Extension students in the summer of last year. We may say at once that it forms a very valuable statement, terse, accurate, and suggestive, of educational progress during the period set forth. The whole region of the subject is traversed, each department by an expert guide to his own particular tract of country. Thus Sir Philip Magnus discourses on Industrial Education; Miss Hughes explains what has been done for the training of teachers; Sir Joshua Fitch brings to bear on Primary Education his full knowledge and scholarly ease of style; while the general development of educational ideas is traced by Prof. Rein of Jena, the greatest authority of the day on formal pedagogy. The circumstances under which the addresses were given have caused them to be clear and popular in form; so that the collection will be serviceable not only as a book of reference for schoolmasters and other educators, but also to instruct and quicken the non-professional reader. In the hope that both parents and teachers will consult it for themselves, we abstain from any summary of its contents, or detailed analysis.

One lecture, the first, seems to call for comment, inasmuch as it deals, unfruitfully, as we think, with a topic of wide interest. "Christian Work in Public Schools" is the title of a paper by the Rev. H. Montagu Butler, D.D., formerly Head Master of Harrow and now Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose experience might have helped him to some vivid narration. Unfortunately he puts us off, as far as the past is concerned, with a sleepy recital of well-known facts. Arnold, the two Wordsworths, Vaughan and Woodard, these are names that were necessary to his subject; but stale biographical scraps make a very unsatisfying meal. Considered externally the essay is naught. But the main fault of it is not on the surface, but deep in the structure. With Dr. Butler the archaic conception of the head master has grown inveterate and is not to be eradicated. "A Head Master, whether lay or clerical, is a Pastor, or he is nothing," is the thesis that he lays down with all the emphasis that capitals can bestow. A Head Master must preach, though other utterance were denied him. Besides the desk he arrogates the pulpit; and not content with the ferule would dispense the thunders of heaven. A predicant autocrat at the head of the school state;

a score of ill-paid ushers (shepherd lads, in the metaphor not of our choosing) obeying his absolute commands; a few hundreds of boys (the sheep, munching their food, penned, or freed to wander) as the further objects of despotic government; such was the old order of the school. The ideal of modern pedagogy is widely different. We believe it claims that every schoolmaster shall be, in some humble degree, a divine teacher, working, as much as may be, by his individual character, and influential not by delegated authority, but through sympathy with his pupils; while to the head master shall belong as his lowest function that of organisation and control; as his highest, that of inspiring the whole body politic. He loses, it is urged, the power to inspire in proportion as he assumes the right of sacerdotal domination; his best weapons are his personal gifts and graces, and the subtle charm of radiant virtue; he is doing his work ill when he climbs a height remote from those committed to his charge. Some such doctrines we have heard talked, and we submit them for what they are worth.

It might be supposed from what we have said that Dr. Butler, in regard to the vexed question of clerical head masters, holds a brief on their behalf. Far from it. He has a way of deciding this educational quarrel which we think is novel, and which we are sure is amusing. It is becoming more and more difficult, he tells us, "to secure as a Head Master a man who is at once in Holy Orders and also in the very front ranks of University distinction." Yet it must be one of the recognised duties of a head master to speak to his boys "constantly, if not weekly" (the language is his) from the Chapel pulpit. Sermons being indispensable, if you cannot get a clergyman fit to teach you must make your layman preach. The objections to this proposal lie near at hand. The reason that keeps the distinguished University graduate from taking orders might haply deter him from usurping the office of one who has received them. Most men who are prepared to mount a pulpit would elect to do so with episcopal sanction and in the appropriate garb. Moreover, while so many assistant masters are clergymen it would be, at least, indelicate for a secular chief to ply them with pious exhortations. It would be worse than indelicate. Fancy the lay head master floundering amid religious platitudes before the compassionate theologians of his staff. No. For ourselves, we doubt the efficacy of homiletic discipline; but if it is to be retained, let it be administered by authorised persons. Surely a lay head master might, on Sundays, listen to his chaplain without waste of dignity, and indeed get spiritual profit by sitting once a week in the second place. It is not without significance, by the way, that of the two head masters hailed by universal consent as now the greatest, one does not preach at all, and the other very badly. Let us part, however, from the book before us not with words of censure, but with a hearty commendation of its general merits to all who are interested in the fascinating work of education.

An Academic Critic.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus. The Three Literary Letters.
Edited, with English Translation, by W. Rhys Roberts,
Litt.D. (Cambridge: University Press. 9s.)

This is an excellent edition of a Greek author "caviare to the general," rather by want of celebrity than through any inherent difficulty or unfitness for popularity, as far as popularity can be talked of in the case of a classical writer. It embraces the three letters on literary subjects—namely, the two to Ammæus and the one to Cnæus Pompeius Geminus. It has a most useful glossary of rhetorical and grammatical terms, a bibliography, copious indices, and a facsimile of part of the MS. of the second

letter to Ammæus, from the Codex Parisinus. The translation which accompanies the Greek text in parallel pages is very excellent, both faithful and idiomatic; while the introductory essay is scholarly, unassuming, and replete with all necessary information. Altogether, the editing leaves nothing to be desired.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus had a great name among Greek critics, and so justly as certainly to deserve the introduction to English readers provided by Dr. Rhys Roberts's translation. We really know little more of him than that he was born at Halicarnassus, like his idol Herodotus, and spent the best twenty-two years of his life in Rome as a teacher of rhetoric. The period of his activity was that following the end of the third Civil War and the triumph of Augustus over Mark Antony. Greek literature had degenerated into a following of florid Asiatic models; but about this time a great reaction set in towards the style of the earlier and classic Greek writers, largely promoted by the influence of educated Roman nobles. It is a curious thing—as if French conquerors should stimulate a revival of Elizabethan models in a degenerate England. Dionysius was a foremost and zealous champion in this return towards classic taste. He was something more; he may almost be called a founder of Greek criticism, as we understand criticism now; he was, more than previous critics, an *appreciator*, using the method of comparison. To the abundant illustration with which he reinforced his critical doctrines we owe the preservation of Sappho's great *Ode to Aphrodite*, and to him also we owe at least:

One precious tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides,

of whom Wordsworth desired yet more. At the same time he is, to our thinking, largely an academic critic, though an excellent academic critic. He desiderated measure, restraint, purity, lucidity—always the pet virtues of academic critics. He worshipped Herodotus, the model of delightful simplicity, grace, and lucidity. But from the loftier and bolder kinds of style he shrinks, as the academic critic ever does. He detests daring figures, pregnant licenses of language. Shakespeare would have set his hair on end, with nouns boldly doing duty as expressive verbs, and the like. It is not surprising that the two chief of these letters are animadversions respectively on Plato and Thucydides. A passage on Plato, from the letter to Pompeius, shows his own style, together with his merit and limitation as a critic, to advantage:

When it [the language of Plato] uses the plain, simple, and unartificial mode of expression, it has an extraordinary charm and attraction. It is altogether pure and translucent, like the most transparent of streams, and it is correct and precise beyond that of any other writer who has adopted this mode of expression. It pursues familiar words and cultivates clearness, disdaining all extraneous ornament. The gentle and imperceptible lapse of time invests it with a mellow tinge of antiquity; it still blooms in all its radiant vigour and beauty; a balmy breeze is wafted from it as though from meadows full of the most fragrant odours; and its clear utterance seems to show as little trace of loquacity as its eloquence of display. But when, as often happens, it rushes without restraint into unusual phraseology and embellished diction, it deteriorates greatly. For it loses its charm, its purity of idiom, its lightness of touch. It obscures what is clear and makes it like unto darkness; it conveys the meaning in a prolix and circuitous way. When concise expression is needed, it lapses into tasteless periphrases, displaying a wealth of words. Contemning the regular terms found in common use, it seeks after those which are newly coined, strange or archaic. It is in the sea of figurative diction that it labours most of all. For it abounds in epithets and ill-timed metonymies. It is harsh and loses sight of the point of contact in its metaphors. It affects long and frequent allegories devoid of measure and fitness.

Nothing could be better than the appreciation of Plato's more level style. But he might have supposed that a writer capable of such exquisite lucidity and taste, when

he rose to a more difficult and remote style, had his reasons for keeping to it, and was not "obscure" for lack of expressional power. Far from "obscuring what is clear," Plato's raised and figurative style is the only method of suggesting what is too remote for direct expression. But the academic critic always prefers to accuse the elevated writer of clouding the obvious, rather than confess that he cannot apprehend his subject-matter. Plato's philosophy often enters the region where allegory or figure is the only way of adumbrating truths beyond direct statement or analysis. Thucydides or Plato finds Dionysius' weakness; Herodotus or Demosthenes his strength. But let it be admitted his point of view was that of the rhetorical specialist rather than the general critic.

Furthest South.

First on the Antarctic Continent. By C. E. Borchgrevink. (Newnes. 10s. 6d. net.)

SIR GEORGE NEWNES's expedition went and returned; and here, from the pen of its Commander, is an account of its faring. The first impression of a reviewer who seems hardly to have arisen from his chair since writing his impression of the narrative of the *Belgica's* hibernation in the region in which mystery has entrenched herself before taking flight for the new star in Perseus is that we have heard all this before; which is an ungracious attitude towards brave men whose only fault it is that they are not contemporaries of Franklin or Cook. Not only has polar exploration in general lost most of the fascination of novelty, but the justification of a purpose seems to be in the case of Antarctic adventure wanting. Northern exploration, in its most romantic phase, had a particular end to gain. Every hardship, every cruel death in combat with the foreign forces and ambuscaded perils of the titanic Frost was a vicarious sacrifice on behalf of the race which sent thither its willing pioneers. The fancy of a North-West Passage, which was to do one can hardly conjecture what wonders, was the impulsive force. In the South we explore out of mere *amour propre*, lest it should be said—by some contemptuous angel perhaps—that, being gifted with so little a globe to enterprise, we stopped short of subduing it to the uttermost. Well, if you come to think of it, that even is not quite ignoble. But, further, we are so sadly well prepared. We know just what sort of ship it is that is impregnable to the violence of the ice, just the food that will preserve us healthily alive; the instruments, the explosives, that will be of service against every emergency. Of what we see nothing is left in the vague: we eke out execrable literature with excellent photographs; and, in general, we equip ourselves in the light of the stored wisdom of the conquerors of the North even to the traditional contrivances of the Finns and Laps, their snow shoes, and a pack of their intelligent dogs. However, we have no wish to belittle the achievement of Mr. Borchgrevink and his enthusiastic crew who, in spite of every prevision, did undergo considerable hardship and escape importunate danger.

Of the positive results of their work, the location of the magnetic pole is of extreme importance to people who perfectly understand what it is and its influence on things in general. It was located. Very well. Also, to the mind of the Commander was proved "the existence of bi-polarity." What that means may be discovered from the following passage (no doubt, but we confess that we quote it in part for the sake of its style):

It is important and curious that in both the marine fauna collection and in the *Algae* collection specimens are found proving the existence of bi-polarity; while in the land fauna, as far as we know, such do not exist. The existence of organisms does not develop from the presence

of the possibility of existence for these, but because the element necessary for the development of these organisms was brought into conditions which favoured its development into a complete organism. It seems thus that the fount whence the element of these organisms rises exists both within the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, apparently without any communication through the intermediary zones.

For us in the gallery the most flagrant achievement is the penetration "Furthest South." There you have for confirmation a truculent photograph of it, with a pipe in its mouth for greater verisimilitude. (A century ago it would have been on its knees to the Father of (Southern) Lights.) But not to leave the impression that this triumph was quite easily won, here is an incident that gives a grim impression of the remorseless primeval forces at work in this bitterly hostile zone:

Suddenly a roar started overhead—tremendous, overwhelming, terrible. In a second the thought passed through my mind that the overhanging rock was coming down upon us. In the next I realised . . . that the glacier immediately to the west of our little beach was giving birth to an iceberg. . . . With a deafening roar a huge body of ice plunged into the sea, and a white cloud of water and snow hid everything. . . . Here were absolutely no resources, and we both foresaw what immediately afterwards followed. . . . A raging, rushing wave rose like a wall from the plunge of this million of tons of ice mass. It seemed rapidly to grow as it hurried towards our ledge. . . . We instinctively rushed to the highest part of our beach, and stood close to the perpendicular wall of the mountain. The time seemed long before the wave reached us, and when it came it must have been from 15 to 20 feet in height. . . . The wave struck me first, lumps of ice dashed against my back, and I stuck to the rock until I felt that the blood rushed from beneath my finger-nails. I had just time to call out to Capt. Jensen to stick to the rock also when the icy water closed over my head. . . .

Of living creatures that delicate monstrosity the penguin is the most characteristic, clustering upon the ice mountains as it were a swarm of curates:

The penguins seem very vain birds, and if one had a soiled spot on its white waistcoat, were it ever so small, it was at once noticed by the others, and made the most of in their small way. It was very funny to see them criticising each other.

The expedition set out in August, 1898, and returned in the earlier part of last year. It did to admiration the work it was given it to do; and the wide tables of the figures that are the result of its labours bear witness to the enthusiastic diligence of its staff. When the first explorers of Mars are fired away from the Crystal Palace the crew, or some of them, deserve to be of their number.

Partial Biography.

John Knox. By Marion Harland. (Putnams. 5s.)

THIS book, which belongs to a series called "Literary Hearststones," is very frankly of the class which we might call biographies for domestic reading. It is the work of a woman; writing with single-hearted enthusiasm for her hero, and with as simple a thoroughness of partiality as a woman can well compass—which is much. You do not expect the average Christian biographer, writing of St. Paul, to show much impartiality towards the pagans; you know that if there be a possible doubt or question of conduct, he will give it on Paul's side as naturally as he breathes, and with the serenest conviction: for Paul was a man of heroic sanctity, and that *parti pris* quietly, unconsciously, but effectually, settles all beforehand—in the biographer's mind. Now Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Harland

regards Knox with all the reverence she would bestow on an apostle—is he not the Scottish apostle of the Reformation?—and with all the enthusiasm of a Caledonian woman for her national heroes. You know, therefore, that the attitude of a Lecky is not to be expected from her; and you do not get the unexpected.

A much more serious matter, however, is the cheerful and light-hearted neglect of the ordinary precautions in writing history—even history as a hero-worshipping biographer writes it. This gay method starts on p. 2. She says, in quotation marks, "The kingdom (we are told) swarmed with ignorant, idle, and dissolute monks, who, like locusts, devoured the fruits of the earth and filled the air with pestilential infection"—which may be a citation of unimpeachable authority, but no authority is given for it. On page 8, "a Scottish biographer makes this careless summary of the first twenty years of Knox's life"; while on p. 9, "a more careful writer fills up a palpable hiatus in the foregoing sketch"; but careful and careless biographer are alike unnamed. Again, on the same page, "it is affirmed by those whose habit it is to speak advisedly," &c.; but these advised persons are unadvisedly nameless. One gradually finds that this principle is carried throughout the book. Of course, these quotation-marks without appended authority are as valueless for serious history as if the statements were frankly made on the author's own responsibility. But she can quote authority with somewhat amusing effect. "A grateful pupil of Wishart" (the reformer) is cited on p. 11, in the customary anonymous fashion; and the writer subjoins: "Dr. M'Crie corroborates and adds to the above statement"! It is as if you said that a "grateful pupil" of Chaucer was "corroborated and added to" by Prof. Skeat. That the ancient authority should be left nameless, while the modern authority who "corroborates" him is scrupulously nominated, is in key with the whole happy-go-lucky method of the book. Wishart, we are told, was banished from Scotland for "teaching the Greek Testament." This curiously vague statement surely needed a little specification; but none is afforded. Miss Harland's attitude towards mediæval Scotland is very modern. Knox's religious tuition of the Langriddie family gradually grew into "a large Bible-class." One is almost surprised not to find some of the gatherings described as a Y.M.C.A., or its Scottish equivalent. Of course, we know her meaning: Knox taught the Reformed doctrines, with the Bible as text-book; it is only the phrase which is so incongruously modern in its associations.

For the rest, Miss Harland's narrative has a pictorial clearness, if the picturesqueness be a little feminine and effusive. The figure of the great Reformer comes out boldly. It could not well do otherwise. Boldness, even to rashness, was the keynote of the man's character. It was this, with his powers of rugged, forthright eloquence, which marked him out to the Lords of the Congregation as, above all men, fitted to play the part of Aaron to their Moses. From the day when, in besieged St. Andrew's, after the murder of Cardinal Beaton, he boldly struck at the root of Roman Catholicism by denying its pure succession from the Apostles, and flung the gage to his enemies while he was surrounded by their forces, this was his chosen task. The Lords of Congregation planned and took counsel; to Knox fell the task of launching the bolts they forged. And in his hands they shattered the ancient tree of the Scottish Catholic Church and State.

Other New Books.

HARVEST TIDE.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

Sir Lewis Morris's "Apologia" might well disarm the "carping critic" who approached this volume on "venal blame" intent. He boldly sings: "Be failure mine, not fame; I alone know the goal I strove to win. How strait the gate, how few may enter in. . . . Brief is our road, evil and few our days. Spare them the insult of unworthy praise!" But praise, worthy or unworthy, has fallen in no small measure to the poet's share. This second edition of his latest volume, which includes among other new pieces some pathetic verses on Queen Victoria, contains excellent specimens of Sir Lewis Morris's characteristic and felicitous style. The longest poem is entitled "A Georgian Romance," and tells in smoothly flowing blank verse a true tragedy of the Caucasus. It would be interesting to imagine this theme treated by another poet. Some, it is probable, might have moved us to a greater passion of horror and dismay, but hardly to such feelings of compassion for these creatures of an inevitable doom as are aroused by the very simplicity of Sir Lewis Morris's version. Many graceful lyrics are contained in this collection, such as "Ver non semper viret," which has a peculiarly charming melody. This poem also expresses what is the dominant note of all the poems—Hope. For that alone we might be grateful. Among the poets and chroniclers of the day few seem endowed with the gift of seeing sunlight, even where it exists. They study the whole of life, as it were, through a November fog. Sir Lewis Morris will have none of this mood; the tenor of his thought is attuned to the more sanguine possibilities of existence. In "The March of Man" we find:

Nay, oh man, though vainly it seem, still aspire, struggle
onward and upward!
In the Future live, not the Past, trample down the
inherited brute. . . .
Give ear to the clear voice calling with mystical accents
unceasing,
That bids thee aspire and ascend in the faith of an ultimate
Good.

We cannot help regretting that among so much that is good such verses as the following should be allowed to remain:

Again the hopeful, youthful heart
Throbs high and fast;
Again the joy, sometimes the smart
Of the dead past,

and that the word "secular"—not especially beautiful—should be reiterated on so many pages. We have "A gnarled tree of secular strength," "the secular misery," "Love . . . hid 'neath secular trees," and "thy secular praise." (Kegan Paul.)

LE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS ET ANGLAIS.

BY CHARLES HASTINGS.

M. Hastings's new book is best described by its full title: "Le Théâtre Français et Anglais: Ses Origines Grecques et Latines"—for in those five italicised words lies the main feature of the author's plan. His account of the French and English drama is preceded by two sections, running to about 100 pages, in which he sketches the characteristics of the drama of Greece and Rome, with a conciseness, and yet with a lucidity, which distinguishes his method throughout. With the French and English stages he deals alternately in chapters devoted to well-marked periods in their history, special attention being given to what the writer calls "the liturgical drama" of both countries, the Miracle and Mystery plays, and so forth. M. Hastings's narrative proper ends with the year 1640, or thereabouts, his final chapter (a short one) being devoted to an "aperçu général" of the French and

English theatre from 1640 to 1900. This is necessarily superficial, and to that extent inadequate; but M. Hastings promises to treat the period more fully in a forthcoming volume. Meanwhile, the book before us shows every sign not only of wide reading, but of careful and intelligent assimilation, the results of which are set forth in the most orderly and intelligible fashion. To criticism M. Hastings gives little space. He figures here mainly as historian, expounder. M. Sardou says to him, in a prefatory letter: "Vous savez dire beaucoup de choses en peu de mots"; and that is true. He knows, too, how to be exact. Undoubtedly the book contains some unfortunate misprints, especially in the matter of English names and titles. This, however, detracts only slightly from the trustworthiness of the work as a whole. To the English student of the history of the drama the outcome of M. Hastings's labours may be heartily commended, for though in what is said of the Greek, Latin, and English theatre that student may find nothing entirely novel, he will find it useful for purposes of reference, while in the pages given up to the French theatre he will discover a mine of information not to be obtained so readily and pleasantly elsewhere. French readers will be similarly enlightened by the chapters on our native drama. Altogether, M. Hastings has, by the production of this book, done a distinct service to the educated public on both sides of the Channel; and it is to be hoped that it will some day reappear in an English translation. (Paris: Firmin-Didot.)

THE ALDERMEN OF CRIPPLEGATE. BY J. J. BADDELEY.

This book of City records is issued under the full title of *The Aldermen of Cripplegate Ward from A.D. 1276 to A.D. 1900*. Mr. Baddeley's collections throw interesting and varied light on the office of alderman, which carried with it in bygone days more of responsibility for the good government of the City than it does now. Dealing, as it does, with only one ward, yet covering six centuries, the book is a striking monument of the ancientness and power of the City of London. The first known alderman of Cripplegate Ward was one Henry de Frowyck, Pepperer, who held office in 1276; and the first recorded election occurred in 1375, from which date, with only two exceptions, the records of appointment are complete. Apparently there was every willingness to serve as alderman for two and a half centuries. The first case of avoidance occurred in 1624, when John Hudson, Upholder (i.e., upholsterer), paid £500 rather than serve—an enormous fine in those days. Yet a week later, Thomas Overmair, Leatherseller, being the next to serve, avoided the office by paying a fine of £700. In 1657 there was such general distaste for the office that Samuel Langham, Grocer, and seven others paid, between them, fines amounting to £3,246. The duties of aldermen were such as to make these sacrifices worth while. Aldermen were virtually chief constables, responsible for the good conduct of inns and taverns, the raising of train-bands, the guarding of the City gates day and night (every night each gate by twenty-four men), and the closing of the gates at sunset. Moreover, by an Act of Edward II., two hundred armed men, raised by the aldermen, were distributed over the City to preserve order. The protection of shipping also fell on the aldermen, four of whom were continually on the river with at least one hundred men-at-arms to guard the City from possible attack by water. They even acted as a pressgang on occasion, as in 1625, when by order of James I. the City provided a thousand men, the Lord Mayor issuing a "precept" (charming word) to the aldermen to seize in their beds, or otherwise, all able-bodied men, especially "all tapsters, ostlers, chamberlains, vagrants, idle and suspected persons," and to convey them to Leadenhall or Bridewell. What a night! We are not surprised that aldermen often betook themselves to the country. But, if they did so, they were ordered back under

penalties, and in 1649 the aldermen who had no homes within the walls were ordered to provide them, and not live without the walls. The early aldermen were supported in their dignities by very harsh applications of the law if a case that occurred in 1388 was typical. For mere impertinence to an alderman, a butcher named Richard Bole was sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate for half a year, and on leaving prison "he should carry in his hand a wax torch, weighing one pound and lighted, from Newgate through the Shambles aforesaid, and so straight through Chepe, as far as S. Laurence Lane, and through that lane to the Chapel of the Guildhall, and there make offering of the same." The book is handsomely produced, and, as we have indicated, will repay study. (Baddeley.)

Messrs. Bell & Son's "Handbooks to Great Public Schools" now include *Harrow*, by Mr. J. Fischer Williams, who was a scholar at Harrow twelve years ago. The author modestly points out that most of his matter is second-hand, though to the earlier history of the school he contributes some new facts. The book is very pleasantly written and admirably equipped with illustrations, tables of school work, &c. The references to Byron, though familiar, are very interesting. We read:

The life of a master disliked by Byron cannot have been easy. The poet carried a loaded pistol, he tore down gratings, the Headmaster's property, "because they darkened the hall," he refused invitations to dinner, because "he should never think of asking Dr. Butler to dine with him at Newstead," in fact, he behaved in a rebellious, high-spirited, poetical fashion, but, through the excellent good sense of his master, he did little harm at the time, and he generously confessed himself sorry for it afterwards.

"It is . . . a rare Providence that has raised up the author of this little book [*With Christ in Sailor Town*, by Frank T. Bullen (Hodder & Stoughton)] to bring the tales of the sea and the toilers of the sea home to our hearts. Himself descended from great seamen, and yet compelled by the wheel of fortune to make acquaintance with the sufferings of the city and the hardships of the fo'c'sle, and, above all, gifted by God with powers of brain and heart which make him able to write, and make all that he writes delightful to read, Mr. Bullen seems appointed and ordained to be the Sailors' Advocate." Another example of the "distinguished preface." The writer is the Rev. Robert F. Horton. Mr. Bullen's five chapters describe the life of sailors in East London, and the book is an interesting and worthy appeal for assistance on behalf of the Seamen's Mission and similar organisations.

The *Psychology of Jingoism* (Richards, 2s. 6d.) is a vigorous and uncompromising denunciation of the Jingo spirit, particularly in its alleged manifestations in connection with the war in South Africa. The writer's main contention is that "the conjunction of the forces of the press, the platform, and the pulpit has succeeded in monopolising the mind of the British public, and in imposing a policy calculated not to secure the interests of the British Empire, but to advance the private, political, and business interests of a small body of men who have exploited the race feeling in South Africa and the Imperialist sentiment of England."

In *The Elements of Darwinism* Mr. A. J. Ogilvy has sought to give everyday people a grasp of the general principles of Darwinism. The book is clearly written in eleven short chapters, and it has had the advantage of some revision by Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who, however, writes: "There are some things in it with which I do not agree."

In their charming "Bibelots" Messrs. Gay & Bird publish *Leaves from the Diary of Samuel Pepys*. The editor of the series, Mr. J. Potter Briscoe, contributes an introduction.

Fiction.

The Lost Land. By Julia M. Crottie.
(Unwin. 6s.)

Irish fiction too often reminds us of almond-rock. The almond is faintly bitter, but the rock is very, very sweet. Ireland boasts many literary confectioners of no mean talent but little artistic sincerity. In Miss Crottie she has discovered no confectioner, but a sad-eyed ironist with a scarcely-repressed feminine desire to weep. The confectioners were a little alarmed by the undeviating addiction to the grim pleasantry and iron pathos of hard fact displayed in *Neighbours*. "Molly bawn" in all her mutations was, they felt, the making of Mudie's Ireland, and must not be allowed to deteriorate.

But Miss Crottie is inexorable. Happily *The Lost Land* goes back to 1780-97, and optimists may assume that the dingy souls which people it have no posterity. Dingy souls are but clods till one sees them operating against fine souls. Dinginess prospering meanly, like the black-beetle, deserves little of our hate till we see it basking in hypocrisy and thriving on ruin. And so Miss Crottie builds up a martyr to dinginess in the person of Thad Lombard, a young man who wastes himself in a hopeless conspiracy for the public good. We see him as father as well as brother to a family blighted by the mother's second marriage; and we follow him to the Munster town where, as a miller with impudent debtors and as a patriot on the wrong side of legality, his name is soon a mark of scorn. Without vulgar advertisement to aid us we perceive in Thad a Celtic Messiah.

The following is a specimen of the way in which his altruistic efforts are regarded. The speaker is a thin man in a flannel waistcoat mending a roadside gate with ropes. Thad's brothers are the immediate object of his remarks:

"I have a word to say to ye. I want ye to quit lending ye'er divilish ould raumaishes of books to my son Mickey. He has a gentleman's career before him in the master's office, an' 'tisn't throwing his time and understanding away on thrash o' that kind he'd want to be. Histories an' speeches and idle blaggard nonsense o' the kind, for a boy that's taken in hand by raison of his good headpiece by the Colonel's confidential agent!"

Our later Messiahs encounter plenty of religion. Thad, a good Roman Catholic, finds that the burning question in Curraglen is the beatification of Bishop Eithne O'Halley. Children distribute food to their unwashed contemporaries "in honour of the Infant Jesus."

And withal there is some real Christian feeling in Curraglen. The story is not entirely clad in black; it is relieved by grey and even by white. It is a praiseworthy work by reason of its sincerity and the poetic art which fuses its almost freakish humour and plaintive sadness into a homogeneous whole.

Quality Corner. By C. L. Antrobus.
(Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THIS "study of remorse" is one of those books with which, while admiring the talent displayed in them, one can do little but find fault. Mrs. Antrobus has produced a rather effective picture of life in a small rural town situated near to a large manufacturing centre; and she has devised the material for a striking plot, arising from what was morally, though not legally, a murder. She has, however, been unable to realise her plot without the aid of utterly improbable coincidences. The tale begins with a mysterious and ominous incident between two men; and on p. 225 she tries to make a dramatic point by repeating the incident with the situations of the men reversed. This is futile. The following passage, with its cliché—"odd, elusive resemblance"—indicates the very atmosphere of

coincidence and puzzling suggestion which pervades the story:

"Listen!" said Thea.

A steady tapping sounded through the rustling of the leaves.

"A woodpecker," said Cassilis, looking up the smooth beech-boles for the bird.

"Not so. This is the castle of the Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, and you hear the knocking at the gate: 'Wake Duncan with thy knocking? I would thou couldst!'"

This time the elf-arrow—sped so unconsciously—struck deep. The shaft was feathered by the memories that June Heald's words had aroused. Also Cassilis was again startled by that odd elusive resemblance of Thea to someone whom he had once known. The turn of the head, the way in which she uttered the words, whom did she resemble?

"Ah, yes," he said, and looking up into the beeches he repeated the quotation, "Wake Duncan with thy knocking? I would thou couldst!"

Further, Mrs. Antrobus is overburdened with fancy, or rather fancifulness—a fancifulness which is sometimes pretty, but too often strained and unnatural. Observe the effort after a vague "meaning" here:

The water in the canal shone glassy olive in the glare; while beyond the dazzled eye saw nothing save yet blacker depths of gloom. When the flames sank for a minute's pause, the lightning showed the surroundings with tolerable clearness; and it was noticeable how, of the passers-by, those who walked easily by the lightning stumbled when the furnace flames shot up; whereas those who stepped confidently in the red glare hesitated when only that unheeded Handwriting lit the air.

Lastly, the dialogue is too copious, and much of it renders no aid whatever to the story, being merely put in because the author enjoyed writing it. Nevertheless, *Quality Corner* is more than respectable in its failure.

The Royal Sisters. By Frank Mathew.
(Long. 6s.)

MR. MATHEW has worked hard to master the tangle of intrigues of which the throne was the centre when Edward VI. lay dying. The narrative he puts into the mouth of Howard of Effingham, a very honest old man, who changed sides less often than most of his peers in those troubled weeks. There is something that after a while strikes one as comic in the way in which on every other page someone arrests somebody in the name of Queen Mary or Queen Jane as a traitor, and particularly because in a few minutes they seem to have forgotten all about it, or cry quits upon a counter-arrest in the name of the other royal lady. It reminds one of an incident in the garden of the Queen of Hearts: "Bless you, it's only her nonsense; they never executes anybody." We have not the least disposition to make fun of Mr. Mathew's book, but only to indicate that the plots and counterplots with which the earlier part of it is mainly concerned are not so narrated as to catch the imagination, or even, apart from a considerable effort, to be intelligible. Moreover, the breathless manner of the snappy dialogue seems wholly alien from the deliberate manner of the sixteenth century, when words were not yet a halfpenny apiece. The presentment of the contrast between the two sisters—the good one whose life was shadowed by sorrows and humiliations, and the brilliant, unscrupulous Elizabeth in the heyday of her youth and beauty—is attended with better success. And in particular the scene in which Wyatt, having confessed under torture Elizabeth's complicity in his rebellion, is cozened by her into a retraction in the face of the Queen herself, is carried out with excellent spirit.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

HIS OWN FATHER.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

This is another of Mr. Norris's placid, polite, pedestrian, prettily-portrayed stories. Daphne is the heroine: her love affairs (with Mr. Norris love always ends in marriage) are the theme. Daphne had her own views, but the desire of her mother's heart was that "Jack Clough and her daughter should fancy one another; but she could not make them do that, and she was pretty sure that, so far as he was concerned, efforts were fruitless." Which showed the good sense of Daphne's mother. (Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.)

THE HERITAGE.

BY E. PUGH AND G. BURCHETT.

Mr. Pugh has written five novels. Mr. Burchett is responsible for two. In *The Heritage* they have collaborated. It is a powerful, somewhat sombre story of lower middle-class life. The chief character is William Gillies, an old soldier. "It was his hardy habit to begin the day by taking a cold tub in the scullery out in the yard; then he went through the broadsword exercises with an old cavalry sabre kept murderously bright and sharp, and hung for adornment on the wall of the bedroom." (Sands. 6s.)

FROM A SWEDISH HOMESTEAD.

BY SELINA LAGERLÖF.

Translations of twelve stories by this Swedish novelist, the author of *Gosta Berling's Saga*. The longest is called "The Story of a Country House," one of the shortest is entitled "Our Lord and St. Peter," from which we take a fragment of dialogue:

"You would not listen to the sermon, St. Peter?" said our Lord very kindly. St. Peter said nothing. The expression on his face seemed to say:

'Don't come near me! I would not touch You with the tongues.'

Our Lord still appeared as if He did not notice anything, and again asked St. Peter why he had not remained and listened to the beautiful sermon.

'It is not every day one has the chance of hearing such a preacher,' said our Lord." (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES. BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

Another of Miss Gregg's strong, closely-packed stories of the Indian frontier. The book shows an intimate knowledge of frontier affairs in troublous times, and of that curious form of native superstition which Mr. Kipling has also treated.

"O brother," they said, 'we have heard that the famous general, Sinjag Kilin Sahib Bahadar, is wont to ride abroad upon this border by night. Is this so?'

'It is true,' returned the old trooper, 'and I myself have heard him, not once nor twice. And, moreover, what these eyes of mine have beheld, it is not wise to relate.'" (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE ETERNAL QUEST.

BY JOHN A. STEUART.

A modern story, with a strong love interest and a military background. The hero is the son of a retired Anglo-Indian General, and the heroine is the daughter of an army chaplain. The last chapters take us to South Africa—to the fighting. "Isn't Archy splendid," said Coleena, after reading of heroic deeds. "They'll both have the Victoria Cross." "You silly girl," said Flora. "How can a civilian get the V.C., which is purely military?" (Hutchinson. 6s.)

PARLOUR TIMES.

BY D. D. WELLS.

The second volume in "The Dollar Library." Love, intrigue, and bribery to the tune of £40,000, with which a commercial company propose to purchase the rejection by a South American state of a treaty between the British Government and that State. The part of detective is played by a young diplomatist, one Alonysius Stanley, and it needs a clear head to follow the ramifications of the plot. (Heinemann. 4s.)

MOUNTAINS OF NECESSITY.

BY HESTER WHITE.

An Anglo-Indian story, with footnotes giving the English equivalent of words and phrases dear to the heart of Anglo-Indian story-tellers—such as *kuss-kuss tatties* (screens of kuss-kuss), *maidan* (level plain), *charpoy* (bedstead). The tender passion receives due attention, and in the end, "Love the eternal conquered once more . . . for better for worse they would be together." The title is from the Matthew Arnold mint:

the high
Unc'erleaped Mountains of Necessity.

(Blackwood. 6s.)

TANGLED TRINITIES.

BY DANIEL WOODROFFE.

The title was suggested by one of Mr. Kipling's lesser known stanzas:

Look, you have cast out Love! What Gods are these
You bid me please?
The Three in One, the One in Three? Not so!
To my own Gods I go.
It may be they shall give me greater ease,
Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities.

The story is by way of being a satire on those who profess and call themselves Christians. The heroine is Asta, daughter of a Kentish vicar with "a dash of the tar brush in his blood." (Heinemann. 6s.)

ANNA LOMBARD.

BY VICTORIA CROSS.

"I see in Victoria Cross the possibilities of a future Marie Corelli." So wrote the heady critic of a contemporary in reviewing an earlier story by the lady who writes under the pen-name of Victoria Cross. In this volume, the scene of which is laid in India, she imagines herself to be a man. "I was young—not yet thirty, though sometimes, possibly the result of much severe study, my brain and nerve having seemed singularly old—I had, some five years before, come out head of the list in the Indian Civil Service Examination." As a child, Anna Lombard, so she told the hero-lady, "had walked on the sea-beaten sands repeating her lessons in the Classics to the wild, wet winds that were busy blowing the colour into her exquisite skin." (John Long. 6s.)

QUEEN'S MATE.

BY MORICE GERRARD.

Here we meet distinguished folk. The book opens in the Royal Palace of Dettinen, and introduces us to the Emperor Franz Ferdinand of Gramaud, "a man who was more in the world's eye than any other personage on the commanding stage of life." In a note the author gives the reader the useful information that though some of the characters that appeared in *The Man of the Moment* are to be met with in *Queen's Mate*, the latter can be read independently. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

DR. SOMERVILLE'S CRIME.

BY MAURICE H. HERVEY.

A shilling shocker that may be bought in a rush to the train this Eastertide. It is the story of a murder by a man who used mesmerism to cover his tracks. No space is wasted: incident crowds on incident. (Arrow smith. 1s.)

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Poor Keats!

A KING'S BENCH judge has delivered this week an interesting judgment on the ethics of literary editing as between editor and editor. He has defined the limits within which one editor may use the work of another. But there is also room for discussion of the ethics of editing as between editor and author, and for a statement of the limits within which an editor ought to expound an author's text. Especially is this the case in an age when the editing of standard authors has become a great literary industry. The subject is so large, and presents so many niceties and exceptions, that we prefer to deal with one example rather than open up the subject widely. Mr. Buxton Forman's well-known edition of Keats is an example of editorial industry about which the most devoted student of poetry may feel qualms. It has hitherto been a "library" book, but it is now being issued in popular form by Messrs. Gowan & Gray, of Glasgow, with whose enterprise we have every sympathy, but whose choice of this work for a popular sale causes us surprise. It is obvious that much is to be said for the minute and relentless industry of an editor like Mr. Buxton Forman, whose ambition it has been to produce a veritable encyclopædic edition of a great poet. The doubt one feels is whether Keats ought ever to have been subjected to such a process. There are writers who gain by exhaustive editing, and there are writers who seem to be drowned by it. No one would contend that the classics of Greece and Rome have suffered by the editing they have received, whatever may have been the sins of individual editors. Their editors have been their saviours. Nor has Shakespeare suffered, nor can he ever suffer, by the mass of editorial attention he receives, whatever grievance he may have against incompetent critics, or against foolish readers who begin to read commentaries before they read his naked text. The golden rule for reading Shakespeare is to read the text for yourself again and again, extract from it all that you can of its significance, and then approach the commentators in a self-possessed manner. Chaucer, Dante, and Milton had, of course, everything to gain from judicious editing. But Keats? Is not Keats in the same category as Wordsworth, whose enthusiasts were so properly chidden by Matthew Arnold? Mr. Buxton Forman's treatment of Keats is the reverse of Arnold's treatment of Wordsworth: instead of winnowing the wheat from the chaff he mingles them inextricably. Mr. Forman seems to have lost, or never to have felt, this wish to differentiate and sift. Not that he has lost the power to distinguish between good and bad. On the contrary, he is keenly interested in doing so. The question is whether he ought to have made the task necessary. In his edition we have a poem of which these are representative stanzas:

Hush, hush! tread softly! hush, hush, my dear!
 All the house is asleep, but we know very well
 That the jealous, the jealous old bald-pate may hear,
 Tho' you've padded his night-cap—O sweet Isabel!
 Tho' your feet are more light than a Fairy's feet
 Who dances on bubbles where brooklets meet,—
 Hush, hush! soft tiptoe! hush, hush, my dear!
 For less than a nothing the jealous can hear.

No leaf doth tremble, no ripple is there
 On the river,—all's still, and the night's sleepy eye
 Closes up, and forgets all its Lethæan care,
 Charmed to death by the drone of the humming Mayfly;
 And the Moon, whether prudish or complaisant,
 Has fled to her bower, well knowing I want
 No light in the dusk, no torch in the gloom,
 But my Isabel's eyes, and her lips pulp'd with bloom.

To Lord Houghton, by the way, is due the original credit of this resuscitation. Follow two stanzas from a skeleton unearthed by Mr. Buxton Forman:

O come, Georgiana! the rose is full blown,
 The riches of Flora are lavishly strown,
 The air is all softness, and crystal the streams,
 The West is resplendently clothed in beams.

And when thou art weary I'll find thee a bed,
 Of mosses and flowers to pillow thy head:
 And there, Georgiana, I'll sit at thy feet
 While my story of love I enraptur'd repeat.

After this it can scarcely be doubted that Matthew Arnold was right in recommending excision. The pruning knife will have to be used before we can hope to have a generous edition of Keats.

Mr. Buxton Forman's fetish seems to be Bulk. He gives it the place of honour in his scheme—"to gather everything which could be found from the hand of the poet." It is the reverse of sane editing, which under no conceivable circumstances can be distorted into a mandate to go into the highways and byways and compel every item in rags and tatters to come in. To leave the text as the author meant it to stand is a duty acknowledged by Mr. Buxton Forman. What right, then, has he to present Keats' poems as he most certainly did not mean them to be presented? The precedent established by an earlier editor is no justification for the perpetuation of errors of judgment. Mr. Forman, however, commits a more flagrant offence: not content with including many worthless poems in his edition, he prints some of the worst of them twice. These are the poems which occur in the letters, mere *jeux d'esprit*. In their proper places they are amusing and illuminative. Thrust into the collection of poems as entities they become unintelligible accidents. Even Mr. Forman recognises this, and to remedy an error of which he should never have been guilty he has to transpose no inconsiderable portion of the letters themselves. Then when we come to the volumes which contain the letters we have the whole of the transposed matter again.

Another fetish is the principle of elucidation, a pleasant euphemism for editorial intrusion. About one-third of the three volumes of this edition consists of extraneous matter. Perhaps one note in every fifty possesses interest or has some importance. Very few of them could be called necessary, for the text of Keats is not one that bristles with difficulties. They offer the editor an admirable medium for the display of erudition, but with full respect to Mr. Buxton Forman, the personality of Keats is, after all, the one in which we are interested and with which we are concerned. We could forgive a greater proportion of elucidatory matter if it helped us to a better appreciation of the poet and his work, but we cannot say that any such help is given. Leigh Hunt ("the good unscientific Leigh Hunt"), Lord Houghton, Rossetti, and a score of others, including Mr. Buxton Forman himself, take complete possession of the lower portion of each page, while above is Keats, beating out the music of his verse, almost disregarded.

One or two samples of the "elucidations" may with advantage be quoted. We take the first from "Endymion":

I, who still saw the horizontal sun
 Heave his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world
 Out-facing Lucifer . . .

Mr. Buxton Forman explains that Lucifer is the last of the stars to disappear before the rising sun.

The song resuscitated by Lord Houghton, and from which we have quoted two stanzas, ends thus:

The stock-dove shall hatch her soft brace and shall coo,
While I kiss to the melody, aching all through!

The comment on this is grimly curious:

The final couplet is wanting in the later MS., with which Lord Houghton's version corresponds in the main. Here, however, previous texts read "his soft twin-eggs and coo"; and I am compelled to revert to the reading of the only MS. I know of that couplet. It must be a later reading, because in those days Keats never damaged his work; and "his," if a correct transcript from a third MS., is poetically inferior to "her," while "soft" is inapplicable to eggs—applicable to the birds substituted.

The reference in the next passage (from "Hyperion") is to Asia:

Even as Hope upon her anchor leans
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.

The comment is in a lighter and a severer vein:

This is one of the few instances in this poem of wondrous firmness and security where one discerns in Keats the unschooled imagination of a boy—the inaptitude to reject an intrusive and inappropriate image. Up to this point there is the most complete reality of imagination, the most perfect earnestness in setting forth the titanic woes of *dramatis personæ*; but here one is suddenly checked by the thought, "What! is he only playing at Titans after all? Hope with that essentially British anchor of hers in this company? Then why not Faith shouldering her cross? Why not Britannia with her trident transferred from one of George the Third's fine old copper pence? Why not that straddle-kneed Erin with her harp from one of George the Second's?"

It were incorrect to call this criticism. It achieves the grotesque. The mass of superfluous guidance which is crowded into his volumes, as now issued in pocket form, has reduced the type to a size equally trying to the temper and to the eyes.

Mr. Henry James and Matilde Serao v. The British Matron.

At intervals, whose periodicity might almost be calculated, the British novelist lifts up his voice in anger, scorn, or irony against that "convention" which forbids the British novel to be what the British matron calls "improper." The latest complainant is Mr. Henry James in the current *North American Review*, and it may be guessed that he uses the method ironic. It may also be guessed that he introduces the subject apropos of something quite else. This something happens to be the work of Signora Matilde Serao, the eminent Neapolitan disciple of Zola. Although we cannot pretend to Mr. Henry James's complete acquaintance with the Signora's work—we have read only *Fantasy* and *Farewell Love*—we find ourselves compelled to disagree with his estimate of her literary value. Serao is an industrious journalist in Naples, and if ever a writer reflected his environment, she does. Now Naples is probably the most rotten city in Christian Europe. True, it has its advantages: you can hire a cab there for sixpence; but you could hire a judge for not much more. The entire population is cankered by the lottery habit, "the craze for numbers," and the morally debilitating effect of this fatal obsession shows itself in a general licence, a general lack of restraint, unsurpassed even on the shores of the Mediterranean. At Naples, indeed, the second Latin decadence has reached its furthest development. All this is mirrored, as much unconsciously as consciously, in the novels of Serao. She may violently inveigh against the thousand social abuses of her town and country, but she is herself part of the fruit of them. Her own wild and formless outpourings, of which the deepest characteristic is a vehement desire merely to get rid of something, to get it

"off the chest," are as clearly a sign of decay as the almost incredible gambling mania of Southern Italy. Her two books which have appeared in English are positive proof that she has neither the instinct of the literary artist nor the intellectual capacity to view life as the novelist of manners must view it. She "sings" passion on a sustained upper C of feminine intensity which results merely in the absurd. She has no humour (what Latin has?). The notorious "cattle-show" scene in *Fantasy*, which might almost pass for a farcical elaboration of the opening of Zola's *La Terre*, would alone be sufficient to annihilate the reputation of a writer with ten times her talent. It is the *dernier cri* of that particular mode, and for ourselves we can never think of Serao without picturing the ineffable final catastrophic moment of her cattle-show.

Mr. Henry James, we admit, does not display any very warm enthusiasm for the raving erotics of Matilde Serao and her "exuberant victims of Venus," who invariably end in woe and desolation, but he appreciates her "facility and spontaneity" (qualities which cannot be denied to her), and discovers matter to praise in some of her slighter pieces. It is a pity that these, instead of verbal helter-skelters like *Fantasy*, have not been translated into English. His essay contains one really fine piece of criticism: that in which, after pointing out that the passions of Serao's puppets have neither time nor place nor any sort of background—nothing, indeed, but "convulsions and spasms"—he insists on the indubitable truth that passion "touches us just in proportion as we see it mixed with other things, with all the things with which it has to reckon and struggle."

This page justifies the whole essay, which, for the rest, is an implied defence of Serao before the tribunal of the British Matron. With Jamesian cleverness, Mr. James propounds an interesting question: "Is the English novel 'proper' because it is so largely written by women, or is it only so largely written by women because its propriety has been so massively established?" And with an aversion for the positive which is equally Jamesian, he leaves the question unanswered. The correct answer is, we imagine, "Neither the one nor the other." It is from causes that lie deeper than any literary fashion that women have taken up the novelist's pen. And, moreover, as Mr. James admits, if there has been of recent years any relaxing of the bonds of his postulated "convention," that easement is mainly the work of women. "It is the ladies, in a word, who would lately seem to have done most to remind us of man's relations with himself—that is, with women. His relations with the pistol, the pirate, the police, the wild and the tame beast—are not these, pre-eminently, what the gentlemen have given us?" We cannot here follow Mr. James into his ingenious but (we think) rather sterile subtleties about the differences between the male and female mind. Nor can we exactly coincide with his estimate of the height of the walls of the aforesaid convention by which the British novelist is hemmed in out of sight of real life. It appears to us that, at any rate, the coping stones of that bastion have lately been thrown down. And, to change the metaphor, surely some authors of the highest rank, including the author of *What Maisie Knew*, have prettily demonstrated that a coach-and-four can be driven through an Act of public opinion, and no one the wiser!

After all said, curiously enough, Mr. James is himself against "any considerable lowering of the level of our precious fund of reserve," finding in the productions of such as Serao some hint of the price we might have to pay for our literary freedom. The argument is an old one, especially in the mouths of Philistines, and to hear it from Mr. Henry James is distinctly a surprise. He concludes on a note of unashamed insularity. After Serao, "we turn round . . . unmistakably we turn round again—to the opposite pole, and there, before we know it, we have positively laid a clinging hand on dear old Jane Austen."

Things Seen.

When the Almond Buds.

WHEN the pink buds of the almond tree show against the spring sky, then the particular sorrow of a child's life comes back to me. For an almond tree grew just within the school playground gates, and this small boy's sorrow, an absurd sorrow it seems now, was as lonely as the attempt of the almond buds to brave the winds of March.

He was nine, and in the early spring his father had taken him to his first school—a boarding-school in the country. They had arrived in the late afternoon, and before the small boy had had time to distinguish one of his boisterous companions from another, he had been marched into the hall to supper. Friendless, a lump in his throat, the mist of controlled tears in his eyes, from his seat at the end of the long table, he saw far away on the dais, sitting with the supper master, his father, the one familiar figure in that huge, alien company. That comforted him, but before supper was half finished his father came towards him, patted him on the shoulder, told him the holidays would soon come, and disappeared. Then blankness and desolation. When supper was over the small boy escaped from his companions, lurked in the cloisters till the boys had all gone into their houses, and then making sure that he had the playground to himself, gave himself up to the pitiful comfort of an indulgence that was at once the pleasure and the pain of his first term at school. Beginning at the top of the playground he walked slowly down to the gates where the almond tree grew, persuading himself that he was walking in the footsteps that his father had taken a little while before. This he did every night. It was cheerless comfort, and the cup had its drops of bitterness that grew more pungent as the days passed. For soon he realised that his short legs could never take the long strides that his father took on that walk down the playground. I see him now, his little legs wide apart trying to balance himself, his anxious face, the tears in his eyes, making night by night that ineffectual journey. In other seasons the vision leaves me, but each spring when the almond tree buds I see him again. And I am glad that he is no longer a child.

The White Flag.

It was an untidy part of France. The hillside was scarred, rent, and disfigured, as if ancient miners had left their workings thus disorderly in sullen protest at their unfruitfulness. As I climbed, the sound of firing set me wondering, and near the top of the hill a mounted officer galloped furiously past me. He halted some fifty yards ahead, and when I reached him he was haranguing, with frantic gestures, a picket of soldiers, who had been strolling about on a patch of grass smoking cigarettes. At his words they shuffled to cover behind boulders, dwarf shrubs, and sand hills. Then the officer rose in his stirrups, pointed wildly down the hillside, and shouted to one of the soldiers. The man fired. Far below, from behind a tree, came the answering puff of smoke. I realised that the French were practising Boer tactics. The men on the other hill were storming our position. From bush to bush they ran, from boulder to boulder, always drawing nearer, while the valley was swept with their incessant fire. As I descended the hill, the one man of peace in the neighbourhood, it was impressed upon me that to reach my destination I must cross that valley. "The rifles are not loaded, silly," I said to myself, and yet I shrank from the ordeal. Then an inspiration came to my aid. I tied my handkerchief squarely to the top of my walking-stick, held it high above my head, and entered the valley. The firing ceased.

Halfway across I threw a rapid glance right and left. The army was no longer hidden. Above every boulder, every shrub, every sand hill appeared a head. It was as if all France was playing at Jack-in-the-box, except the officer, who came riding at a gallop down the hill. But I did not wait for him. Later, I wiped my brow with the flag of truce.

Friends that Fail Not.

II.—Henry Kingsley.

Of all the ghosts of old friends which I have called up in this quaint trade, called the writing of fiction, only two remain with me and never quit me. The others come and go, and I love them well enough; but the two who are with me always are the peaked-faced man Charles Ravenshoe and the lame French girl Mathilde.

Thus closes Henry Kingsley's novel of *Stretton*. The passage gives us, in some degree, that strongly personal note which is characteristic of the man. It needs no little courage, no small confidence, so to make an exit at a book's end; in effect, the author says: "Here you have not the best of me; if you wish to know me at my best, read *Ravenshoe* and *Mademoiselle Mathilde*." And he was right.

It is well for a writer, particularly for a writer of romance, that his readers should come to him when they are young. If his appeal have any power at all, it can never altogether fade; he will henceforth have champions quick to support his claims, eager to gather new friends to his name. I first read *Ravenshoe* at that period when absolute romance and absolute fact have to live together; and very turbulent partners they make. The appeal of the book was instant and permanent. Even now, after the lapse of a dozen years, I cannot read the story unmoved. Knowing, as I do, every incident and development of its somewhat laboured plot, yet each point holds me as of old by sheer force of its human presentation, its resourceful dialogue, its unwearied vitality. In a word, the book is alive—the expression of a man who worked both with heart and head. He had something to say, and he said it. To some extent he had the ear of his generation; only to a much smaller extent, I fear, has he the ear of this. One must hope—and personally I have little doubt—that the future may do him justice.

During the eighteen working literary years of Henry Kingsley's life he wrote twenty-one novels and a volume of studies, edited a newspaper (extremely badly, it must be confessed), and acted as war correspondent in the Franco-German War. He was not a successful man; but I cannot believe that he considered himself the failure which he was supposed to be by some of his friends, and particularly by his family. There is a spirit and confidence about his work which call to the time ahead. From his disastrous five years in Australia, and from every circumstance in a life otherwise little known, he drew material which, transfused with the fine glow of romance, may claim such justification as comes by fire and art.

His niece, the late Mary Kingsley, wrote of him:

Henry Kingsley won no prizes at Oxford save silver cups; he found no fortune in Australia; all his life long he seemed to those who loved him, as all did who had even the slightest personal acquaintance with him, to squander alike brilliant talents and brilliant opportunities without attaining happiness. Yet he wrote *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *Ravenshoe*; in these two great novels, and in all his subsequent writings, the current of action is less impetuous than in the works of Charles Kingsley, and they contain no descriptions of scenery that can vie with the glowing word-pictures of *Westward Ho*!

As to the word pictures, Miss Kingsley's statement may

be allowed to pass. But as to the current of action, it seems to me that Henry Kingsley's novels are as much greater than his brother's in that respect as they are in pure human interest and the broad use of his human material. In connexion with the first point it is interesting to note that Henry Kingsley was a painter of no small capacity; his descriptive passages, simple and unelaborated as they are, nearly always convey the definite visual impression of colour and contrast.

Of the twenty-one novels no lover of his work can desire that more than eight or nine should live. Of these, next to the two of his own choice, I should place *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *The Hillyars and the Burtons*, both books of a singular grip and breadth, both crowded with living figures set in the wide landscape and exhilarating atmosphere of the Australian bush or in a Chelsea fuller of violent contrasts than it can show now. The plot of neither is remarkable; indeed, as a mere constructor of plots, Kingsley was not great. Coincidence jostles coincidence, people meet apparently from the ends of the earth, doors are opened upon crucial scenes by individuals who should have been, according to all the rules of life and art, attending to their business elsewhere. But you forget all this in the reading; you are led from scene to scene with no consciousness of unreality; you admire or laugh or weep under the spell of an enchanter who is never base in suggestion or mean in conception. He did not shrink from reality. There are scenes in *The Hillyars and the Burtons* which have a tang of truth, a vigour of definition, which I seldom find equalled in his greater contemporary, Charles Dickens. He avoided no aspect of life which might aid the honest development of his story, but he never grovelled in the easy sensationalism of the stews. He was a sentimentalist, no doubt, but in the manner of Balzac and Thackeray, not of Sterne or Pierre Louÿs. No reader of *Ravenshoe* is likely to forget that chapter called "The Bridge at Last," in which Charles Ravenshoe follows the tawdry sister of the little shoeblack to Marquis-court, Little Marjoram-street. "It was as still as death, but it was as light as day, for there were candles burning in every window." The illumination was for one of those terrific general fights in which I believe the inhabitants of Marquis-court no longer indulge.

Henry Kingsley's great power is concerned with two things—a lucid delineation of character and an absorbing main idea. Few writers, working in so broad and full a medium, have presented their types with such ease, with such consistent appropriateness of action and speech; few have more definitely kept in sight the objective of converging ways. Charles and Cuthbert Ravenshoe, Lord Saltire and old Lady Ascot, the rascal Lord Welter who discovered, to his wife's anger and surprise, that "there are some things that a fellow can't do"—these people have in them the breath of life. It may be said that the story of *Ravenshoe* is melodramatic. It is. But the impression left by the book is not one of violent contrasts, of crude effects; it is an impression of reality rendered in terms of compassionate insight and noble dignity. And if this may be said of *Ravenshoe*—and, as I think, also of others of the novels—it may be asserted with still greater confidence of *Mademoiselle Mathilde*. The turmoil and terror of the French Revolution have made a background for countless romances, and in most of them, even when essayed by the strong, the background has shadowed the little actors out of life. Not so in *Mademoiselle Mathilde*. Mathilde herself, almost deformed, clumsy in gait, opinionated, who "did not want a reason for everything," glows through the pages with a wonderful grace and womanliness. Hardly less effective is her sister Adèle, the shallow and petulant, the sweet and the well-beloved. About these two, first living in Kingsley's favourite West of England, afterwards tossed hither and thither in the flood of the Revolution, gathers a drama having for end the glory of sacrifice and the sacrament of reconciliation. The gradual bringing together

of the estranged parents of the girls, the precisian D'Isigny and his uncontrollable and termagant wife, forms, as it were, the thesis of the story. By degrees almost imperceptible, through ways made terrible by calamity and death, they approach each other for that final understanding. It comes with the murder of Mathilde by the butchers outside the Abbaye.

Henry Kingsley was a writer of the broadest sympathies. Even when an aspect of thought or life clashed with his personal predilections—and his father's son was bound to inherit prejudices—he was never grossly unfair. Thus, he was never unjust, as the author of *Westward Ho!* was persistently unjust, to the Roman Church. To a man of his experience and faculty of realisation the narrower view was impossible. He was neither a preacher nor a partisan. Yet I know no books which breathe a healthier atmosphere, none which I would put more gladly into the hands of boys who are beginning to understand that the world is not a mere entertainment for those who can afford to pay for seats. All his novels, even the worst of them, are what I should call brave books. There is no puling, no heightening of tragedy or pathos by means which are as easy as they are false. Some of his sentimental passages are overdone, but, on the other hand, he never assails high heaven with nonsense, or makes his readers ashamed for themselves or him. His joy in youth and in the true youthful spirit saved him from the morbidity of those, and they are not few, who are snared into obliquity of vision by contemplation of their own uncollated past. He delighted in the portrayal of young people, and wrote with unmistakable zest many passages of the most boisterous and boyish comedy. The scene in *Stretton* in which the five boys going up from Gloucester to Oxford first appear at lecture, is irresistibly absurd. No wonder the Dean said, "In the whole course of my experience I never saw anything like this."

And if he was in acute and eager sympathy with the young, he was no less so with the old. This, surely, is a sufficient test of a man's conception of values. His old people are always good, sometimes superb. Also, and this is worth noting, he elevated the office of those who serve. His faithful family servants take their places honestly in the involved schemes of his plots, a fact which must have been vastly refreshing to readers who may have wearied of the backstairs scandal of Thackeray. One need not inquire here which was the truer presentation, but it is worth while to remark that the kindlier view, and I think not without deliberate purpose, was set down by a less brilliant, though not a less honest, pen.

In some respects Henry Kingsley was one of the most faulty writers of eminence who ever lived. His casual carelessnesses are innumerable; sometimes his grammar is preposterous and might even be corrected in the nursery. It is a pity, I think, that they were not corrected in the latest edition of his works. Such lapses have little value, even to the critic, and when a writer has been dead for a quarter of a century so small a kindness to his memory might count for righteousness. But even in this respect he sinned in good company, and need crave no absolution at the hands of his lovers. It may be that these lovers are more numerous than I suppose; it would be pleasant to find that they were. Here was a writer of brave ideals, of a sympathy never at fault, of an intuition marvellously keen; moreover, having a narrative gift lavish in expenditure and alive with the means of expression, and yet—who reads him? I am not exploiting a forlorn hope, for I cherish the belief that in literature there are no forlorn hopes.

C. K. B.

Correspondence.

Some Curiosities in Works of the Old Masters.

SIR,—A friend of mine in Boston, Mass., possesses a portfolio containing a large number of careful line-tracings made from the paintings of the old masters. On looking over these, last autumn, I was surprised to find that the aureoles round the head of a king, and round that of the Madonna, in Gentile da Fabriano's "Adoration of the Magi," in the Academia dei Belli Arti at Florence—a picture which must date from the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century—were decorated with Arabic letters, or imitations of them. The style reminded me strongly of the old lettering to be seen on Arab vases and lamps, or on dishes, such as are collected in the mediæval Muhammadan museum at Cairo. I should be glad to know if anyone else has observed this curiosity.

I also observed that the edges of the (probably) silk robes of several of the principal figures in some pictures were adorned with what looked, in the tracings, curiously like lettering in Indian characters. These are to be found in the following cases: the robes of the Madonna and angel in a picture, by Perugino, in the Pitti Gallery at Florence; on another of the Madonna in the Uffizi Palace by the same; in a picture, by Francesco Fiorentini, in the church of San Agostino at St. Gemignano; on a dress of two monks in a picture in the church of the Ogni Santi in Florence; also on some scrolls in the hands of two priests in a picture, by Giovanni di Milano, in the Uffizi. (This list has been sent to me.)

Silken stuffs sent to Europe from the East in those days might well have had lettered borders to them. The wearers might have been careful to let the borders be seen, in proof that the stuff was genuinely Oriental, as well as because the lettering was quaint and ornamental. And the painter might have copied what he saw, or what he himself had exposed to view in draping his model.

It would be interesting to know whether the borders are really lettered, and, if so, in the characters of what alphabet; or whether the appearance of letters is only due to the folding and creasing of the borders represented?

ROBERT SEWELL.

Sir W. Besant's "East London."

SIR,—In Sir Walter Besant's *East London*, just published, the purchasers of this work are expected to put up with such mutilations of the English language as "labor," "honor," "theater," "traveler," "harbor." As this book is both published and printed in London, and as the author is an Englishman, such spelling should be considered an unpardonable fault, and I, sir, for one, much regret that you did not comment upon it in your review of the work.

—I am, &c.,

DOWNING.

The Union Society, Cambridge: March 26, 1901.

[We are in agreement with our correspondent. We had noted the defect, but it escaped our memory in writing of an interesting book.]

"To All Whom It May Concern."

SIR,—A memoir of the late Prof. Blaikie is advertised, the biographer being Dr. Norman Walker. I have already received three communications with regard to this work, and would like to point out through you that I am concerned only with Prof. Blackie.—I am, &c.,

A. STODART-WALKER.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 80 (New Series).

LAST week we set the following Competition:

"In Mr. Charles Marriott's novel, *The Column*, which we reviewed last week, there occurs a mysterious reference to Antwerp in connexion with some past incident in the life of Cathcart, the sculptor. What had happened to Cathcart at Antwerp we do not know. The author says:

'The story cannot be told here; it is one of those stories that a man thinks about when there is only one thing left for him to do, and that to blow out his brains. Perhaps it explains Cathcart's genius; but it is also why his friends never allow him to see white lilac.'

We offer a prize of One Guinea for the best theory of Cathcart's association with white lilac based simply on the above extract."

We cannot say that the replies in this Competition excite our admiration, as those in some recent ones. We award the prize to Miss Eva Lathbury, Gladysholme, Lapwing-lane, Didsbury, Lancashire, for the following:

At that early time in his career—viz., at Antwerp—Cathcart was engaged upon a representation of Innocence, embodied in the fragile form of a very beautiful little girl, possibly six years of age and bearing a startling likeness to the sculptor himself. He might have been aware of the fact or he might not, and the dual method of procedure he adopted towards the child was a puzzle to theorists. Out of work hours he was gentle, even affectionate towards her; while his artistic demands upon that frail physique were a scandal for his neighbourhood and friends.

One morning, on re-entering his work-room after a much-grudged interval for relaxation, he found his "Emblem of Innocence," in her scanty white concession to civilisation, transformed into the realistic, yet ideal, "Vision of Longing" that so many an artist has sighed to evoke from its secretion. A giant bowl of white lilac, breathing almost poisonous sweetness on the air, stood on a marble bracket, high above the little creature's head, and the curved body, the up-raised arms, and the clean, speaking lines of cheek, throat, and breast, were the finest feast ever proffered to a hungry sculptor's eye.

The immature and certainly unconvincing form of innocence was destroyed, and Cathcart set deftly to work upon the imprisonment of that ravishing pose chance had flung him. He had provided himself with remarkably intricate machinery for the convenience of his models, and, in a few minutes, the patient child was supported in so complete a manner that no lapse of strength in any limb or muscle could effect and destroy her inimitable posture.

How long the man toiled and the child endured, how much the scent of the white lilac acted and counteracted on the senses of the pair, must be unknown; but it was not until the sculptor's own exhaustion grew insistent that he paused to realise that there was flesh, as well as the slowly materialising spirit he sought to fetter, between his four work-room walls.

Still little more than half awake, he crossed the room and approached his pale colleague. He reeled a little as he wrestled with the silk ropes and props, for the flowers, at close quarters, were almost overwhelming. As he released the up-raised arms and took his "Vision of Longing" into his arms, he understood the extent of the misfortune that had befallen him.

Only once did he speak voluntarily of the incident—when he told a friend that he was perfectly well aware of the danger in the child's attitude. "I gave it no thought," he added, "for my artistic rapture usurped my thoughts for the time."

If what he felt were remorse, it took a peculiar and defiant shape, marking his features and his subsequent work with melancholy audacity.

Other replies are as follows:

In Antwerp Cathcart had his first inspiration. It came in an old garden, with a sudden glimpse of a girl reaching up her arms to a spray of blossoms: in a flash he saw her as the incarnation of the grace, the fragrance, the haunting charm of the white lilac that she was gathering.

Later, he came to know her and to wonder at the strange blending of a Greek sense of beauty and joy in life with English frankness, in a personality derived from Huguenot ancestors.

She lived much alone, for her father was a scholar who spent day and night over old texts; and in her studio dreamed and strove to put into form and colour her phantasies of beauty. In time Cathcart was admitted as a friend; and as he grew to understand her exquisite sincerity in seeing and feeling, so she came to know his strength in handling the gross materials. When at last he took courage to tell her of his inspiration, she understood, and offered what he had not dared to ask, offered herself as model, as frankly and simply as a Greek maiden might have done to Praxiteles.

Within the year the work in clay was practically finished. On the day of the last sitting she went up to her studio before Cathcart arrived, with a spray of white lilacs to show him; and found her

father there with a look that made her soul shrink away from him with vague terror. She stammered under his rain of questions until he mistook her entirely, and in the white heat of Huguenot passion struck her down, and killed her there.

There Cathcart found her, and awoke to the knowledge that he loved her; and in his first madness dashed to the earth his figure of clay. And when reason came back, and he had outfaced the shadow of death, there grew in him a willingness to live, to make his life an offering to her, by using as most he might the gift she had called forth.

His work had the strength that comes through sorest travail of spirit; but his friends never ceased to guard him from white lilac.

[K. A. P., London.]

Cathcart was staying in Antwerp with his sculptor-friend Adrian, to whose sister Alice he was engaged. They were all three in the studio one morning examining a great bronzé figure that Adrian had recently bought at a sale, when somehow or other Cathcart stumbled against one of the temporary supports on which it was standing, and the statue fell, pinning his fiancée to the ground. It was impossible to release her without further assistance, which, accordingly, Adrian rushed off to procure, whilst Cathcart remained behind. Alice had not uttered a sound since her first agonising cry. Cathcart took one of her hands which, convulsively quivering, was partly free, and bent down over her. The mist of death already veiled her eyes, the grayness of the great unknown was already shadowing her face. She was wearing a large sprig of lilac in the bosom of her dress; its white blossoms were flecked with blood, and its sickly perfume seemed to Cathcart to mock him, half stifling and choking him. Her lips moved, and he bent lower to catch her words: "— your work —" They were all he could distinguish. Then the great Unknown had claimed her.

Perhaps those two words saved Cathcart's reason. They certainly made him the greatest sculptor of his day.

[B. H., London.]

In London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, he had seen her—always just for one moment, never face to face. She symbolised all that he held dearest: purity, strength, delicacy; but, above all, purity. He used to dream of her at night, and all his created women were of her pattern. In his hotel at Antwerp he met her, and, without hearing her name, or uttering a single platitude about the weather, he proposed marriage. She laughed lightly, and pouted full, red lips.

"My husband will be at the Dance to-morrow; he shall wear white lilac for your recognition."

Cathcart went, determined to be reconciled with himself if only her husband should prove worthy. The hall was full of cosmopolitans—young, gay, handsome. Near at hand he saw a little, cunning-eyed man sidling along with shambling footsteps. In every gesture, in every movement, shameless vulgarity was revealed. His eyes were bloodshot, and his mouth hung loosely with a vacant lascivious smile on its lips. Priceless rings glittered on his fat, stumpy fingers; his wealth was aggressively insistent. Cathcart looked, and could scarcely check the sneer which his lips were beginning to shape. And then, with a sudden start, his eyes caught a white flower in his coat, and he saw that the flower was lilac.

The thought of her in that man's arms was to mean madness through the coming years, and his heart's sudden contraction was his only warning.

[C. F. K., Eccles.]

Cathcart had been smitten by the heroine of *A Branch of Lilac*, who had made a deep and lasting impression on him, and who, as may be remembered, ended tragically.

[A. G., Cheltenham.]

White lilac is an omen of death or some dire calamity, so, if Cathcart had seen this flower, he might, knowing this fact, have been impelled to commit suicide under the impression that some awful thing was going to happen to him.

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

Twenty other replies received.

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